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TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS BY POST, 62D.

Admiral Heneage.

Fleet-Paymaster Gifford, Prosecutor

Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, President.



Mr. Bousfield, Q.C.

Admiral H. Fairfax...

Mr. Rickard (Judge Advocate).

Admiral Sir R. M. Molyneux.

Captain Wharton.

NAVAL COURT-MARTIAL ON BOARD H.M.S. SWIFTSURE, DEVONPORT, ON THE STRANDING OF H.M.S. HOWE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Our biographers—and even our autobiographers—are growing very audacious. The type of gentleman described by Dr. Johnson who loaded a pistol and got a Scotsman to pull the trigger for him after death, has died out; we load our biographical blunderbusses and fire them off in our lifetime without much caring whom we shoot. It may be an enemy, but it is just as likely to be a friend. Our object is to make a noise, and, if possible, a sensation. Mrs. Spurgeon, one reads, is wisely waiting to publish her husband's life till she receives "a direct intimation from above" as to the editor who should be entrusted with it. Our philosophers, as in Carlyle's case, have suffered severely from a lack of this information, and it would be dreadful, indeed, if the same fate should befall our divines. It is most curious how judgment seems to fly from those who edit lives and letters, whether their own or other people's. We have hardly forgotten Browning's fury against Fitzgerald, when we have Swinburne's denunciation of Mr. Scott. Biographers seem to imagine that if they are careful to say nothing but good of the dead they may say what they like of the living.

Disraeli the elder tells us of a much calumniated individual who, disdaining to justify himself in words, produced his autobiography in pictures-"a series of highly finished miniature paintings," exhibiting the incidents of his life. It seems to his credit that none of them were fancy portraits of his enemies, whom one can imagine "lending themselves to illustration" in a work of this kind very satisfactorily. A series of instantaneous photographs of oneself performing noble actions would, no doubt, have a pleasing effect, but as a life history would probably be considered incomplete; detractors would be sure to say that if all our proceedings had been described some "impressions" would have been considerably less favourable. Of literary biographies it has been well observed that they are apt to be of a partisan nature, and "not unfrequently proceed from adverse tastes; with the concealed design of establishing our own favourite one."

An American authoress has of late admirably described for us the effect of a British butler upon her countrymen. With all their ingenuity they can neither grow nor, apparently, even import this product of civilisation. His haughtiness of demeanour impresses them more than the ceremonials of our Court; they secretly "cower" (however audaciously they may seem to bear themselves) "beneath the Polar light of his eye." It is in vain that they say to themselves, "We are American citizens, and equal to any butler." In their heart of hearts they know that this is very far from being the case, and, vowing they "will ne'er consent" to be patronised, they are patronised. The American authoress need not distress herself upon this account; even we ourselves, to whom butlers are not indeed familiar (for they are never familiar) but well known from our births, are afraid of them. This is the more curious, since at one time of our lives we are free from this domestic terror. The British schoolboy is not impressed by the British butler, plays tricks upon him, throws things at him, and treats him generally with sacrilegious disrespect; but on returning from the University the young man submits himself to the yoke. Perhaps it is that he recognises in the butler all the attributes (except the learning)—the pomposity, the complacency, and the magnification of his office-of the college don. Even when he becomes, nominally the butler's master, it strikes him somehow that such relations are scarcely in accordance with the fitness of things. "Parker" may say "Sir" to him, but he feels that he is not "Sir" to Parker. There is never, however, any opposition to his wishes on Parker's part. When that august individual disapproves of them he lets him know it (as is the case with the fixed laws of the universe) by the consequences. Where our authoress makes a strange mistake is in speaking of a butler as "a manservant in livery." Half his glories would be eclipsed by the least badge of servitude. It would then be impossible to mistake him, as is now constantly being done, for the master of the house, or for the bishop that is temporarily within his gates; it would be an abdication of that function of uncertainty which assists him in impressing the stranger.

The world, for the purposes of education, may be said to be divided into men and schoolmasters. All of us who are adults remember what were the hindrances to our school learning, and are able to put our fingers upon those obstacles which we endeavoured to surmount in vain. Schoolmasters, though they have passed through the same experiences, draw no deductions from them, which arises from the peculiar formation of their minds. To them a grammar-even a Greek grammar-has never been an object of inextinguishable hate. They see nothing repulsive in its technical and arid rules, they even snatch, perhaps, a fearful joy from its vile moods and the gross irregularities of its construction. This is an abnormal vice peculiar to their profession. In these days, however, schoolmasters are beginning to be educated, and to understand that a Greek grammar with Latin rules is not attractive to the human mind even in its immaturity; the primer (pronounced forsome occult reason "primmer"), a work which for dryness and difficulty has no rival outside metaphysics, has, I am told, fallen into disuse; while it is admitted that not nearly so many schoolboys as formerly are now compelled to embalm their poetic thoughts in Latin verse. In a late conference of head masters it was even proposed that English literature should form a part of the school curriculum. This has hitherto always been opposed tooth and nail, upon the plea that when properly grounded in Greek and Latin the adolescent mind naturally turns for refreshment to the "wells of English undefiled," and bathes in them.

Everyone, however, who is not a school master is aware that a young Englishman knows almost nothing of the literature of his own land, and what little he does know dislikes, because he has had at school to translate it into Latin. It is most humiliating to hear an American youth discourse upon this matter while our own sons sit mum and glum. Efforts have been made of late to find out what our boys do read for their own pleasure, and the result of these inquiries seems to be that they read the accounts of prize-fights. One head master tries to prove that this is derived from the influence of Homer, but it is much more likely that it comes from a perusal of the sporting newspapers and the general devotion to athletics. From whatever cause it arises, it is certainly true that while there is no deficiency of good poetry and good fiction among us, the rising generation cares for neither. It is, indeed, high time that our pedagogues should bestir themselves to remove this reproach from our sons, lest from them should arise a race of utter dolts and dullards. One is sorry to see, however, that English literature is to be introduced by English grammar, a certain method of rendering it unpopular: the grammar should be learnt through the literature, and, indeed, in its technical and gerund-grinding sense does not require to be learnt at all. I have known most of the best writers of English during the last half-century, and not one of them ever so much as held an English grammar in his hand.

Our invalids were getting on pretty well through the winter, had not been "suffocated in a London fog"-the end ascribed to a Frenchman in the cemetery at Kensal Green-or nipped by the too eager air of the frost, when somebody wrote to the Times from Pargate-on-Sea to announce the clemency of the season. Roses and lilies, and daffydown dillies were "all a-growing and a-blowing," he said, in his garden, and gave us to imagine that it was the custom of his family to take tea in the arbour with the same disregard to the time of year as that exhibited by Mr. Daniel Quilp and Miss Sally Brass upon a certain memorable occasion. From that moment the temperature began to fall, just as good luck always turns to ill whenever one boasts about it. Horticulturists, or rather floriculturists, are, one is afraid, under the pretence of almost virginal modesty, rather an unprincipled race: perhaps the colour of the flowers demoralises them, as one redcoat is said to affect a whole female community. Sad stories are told about the old Dutch tulip-fanciers, who would give their lives, and still more readily other people's lives, for a bulb of Admiral Van Eyck or Admiral Lieftkins; and it is probable that our modern orchid-collectors would not stick at a trifle. These unseasonable boasts, however, which it is obvious bring down the vengeance of the gods, are without an object beyond the indulgence of personal complacency. For my part, I would just as soon be trotted into a stable after breakfast "to look at the horses" (as is the custom in some country houses) as be inveigled into these marine winter gardens. Perhaps my London pride forbids it, but the fact is I don't care twopence whether they grow winkles or periwinkles if their proprietors would but abstain from writing to the papers. Once only, a year or two ago, was one of them properly punished. He wrote on Dec. 12 from Ventnor to say they had mustard and cress or something coming up in the open air and under an Italian sky. "We have no idea," he contemptuously concluded, "what your London fogs are like." The letter appeared, but its publication was delayed for a week "in consequence of continual fogs in the Solent, which have interfered with the transmission of the mails.'

The prices realised at the sale of the Blenheim orchids have been described as phenomenal, but such was not, in much larger sums having been paid for specimens in recent years; nor are they to be compared with the sums paid for tulips two centuries ago. A Dutch fancier once offered £1500 a year for a Semper Augustus for seven years, and he sold three stocks of the same flower for £100 each. If men want to gamble they will put their money on anything, whether it be first editions, or blue china, or missing words, or flowers. The tulip madness rose at length to such a pitch that the Dutch Government had to interfere, and by an order of the State invalidated all contracts respecting tulips, so that the price of a root which a few weeks before reached £500 fell at once to £5, Some very dramatic incidents arose out of this apparently innocent passion. A certain burgomaster had procured for a friend an office of considerable emolument, and declining to take any amends, only desired to see his flower-garden. Years afterwards, on a visit to his patron, the friend perceived in his garden a tulip he recognised as having been

clandestinely obtained from his own. Thereupon "he flow into such a passion that he resigned his post, tore up his flower-beds, and quitted the country." A curious example indeed of misdirected indignation.

My friend Mr. Charles Dickens writes me: "You are not quite accurate in the 'Note Book' as to my father and the haunted houses. He never obtained permission to pass a night in one. He tried to do so often enough, but the difficulty was that no haunted house could ever be found.

... The most promising stories melted into thin air on close examination. There was a party always ready to investigate any phenomena anywhere: it consisted of my father, W. H. Wills, Edmund Yates, myself, and the two big dogs who lived in the stable-yard at Gad's Hill. But no employment was ever found for us."

Haunted houses, therefore, it seems, like ghosts themselves, are often heard about but never seen. It is not at all likely that they should have become more common since the great novelist's time. One meets lawyers who believe in a good many things that a mere layman is unable to swallow, but never one that believes in a ghost; it is therefore curious enough that perhaps the best authenticated story of the return of a departed spirit to this world owes its imprimatur to a judge's "opinion." Smellie, the naturalist, made a solemn agreement with his friend Greenlaw, the linguist, that whichever of them died first should return and give an account of his experience to the other; if the deceased should not return within a year, it was to be concluded that he could not obtain permission. This document was signed with their blood and formally sealed. Greenlaw died in 1774, aged sixty-two. Smellie grew very anxious as the end of the year approached "owing to the intensity of his expectations." One evening he fell asleep in his chair, and Greenlaw, habited in white, appeared to him. He said he had had much difficulty in procuring the desired permission, that he was in a better world than the present, but that the hopes of its inhabitants were by no means satisfied, and they still looked forward to a happier existence. Smellie was quite confident that he had seen his friend, but to make sure laid the whole case, with the contract, before his friend Lord Monboddo, "who decided that there could not be the smallest reasonable doubt in believing that Greenlaw did actually appear."

There is probably no subject so much talked about and so little read about as Ireland. The literature of that country is meagre, and there seems no encouragement for it. "Grania" is, indeed, a story which has of late made some impression, but it is doubtful whether its popularity is not owing to its romance rather than to its reality. The scenes it describes are so singular that it has a foreign air, and the people so isolated that they can hardly be consi lered typical of their country. "Irish Idylls," by Miss Barlow, has not the poetry of "Grania," but it has both pathos and humour, and seems more "racy of the soil." Her "Bogland Studies" were admirable, but, being in verse, had small chance of attracting the general ear; but these idylls, as it must strike every reader, are life itself, just as we say "How like this must be!" of a photograph, though we have never seen the person from whom it was taken. It will be strange, indeed, if the Irish Literary Society, which has been lately announced with such a flourish of trumpets, has nothing either to say or do for a volume which describes Irish peasant life with a fidelity that has never been surpassed and in a manner to draw sympathy from every eye. As in the case of "Grania," Miss Barlow's dramatis personæ are all very poor people, and Lisconnel is almost as out-of-the-way a place as the scene of Miss Lawless's tale; but, on the other hand, it is a locality the salient points of which are common to a hundred others. The hopes and cares of the inhabitants centre mainly "in the little grey dyked fields on the hillside, and along a meagre belt beneath"; their live stock "never exceeds half-a-dozen goats, as many pigs, and a few 'chuckens,' and these vanish as speedily as swallows after an October frost"; but there is a touch of nature about these people that makes Widdy M'Gurk and Larry Sheridan as much akin to us as though we lived in the next mud-hovel. When so much is narrative and domestic drama, extract is difficult, but the reply of an Irish boy, reprimanded for his absence from Mass, will give

a taste of the quality of the book—
"One Saint Peter's Day Father Carroll came up to Lisconnel on an urgent sick-call, and when departing fell in with Terence Doyne, a wildish lad, to whom he put the question why he had not gone to Mass that morning with his parents, instead of fishing for pinkeens along by the river, appending as a sort of corollary—which, we know, is often more puzzling than the original proposition — a request to be informed what effect on his final destinies Terence anticipated from such a line of conduct. Terence replied: 'Whethen, your Riverince, I'll be right enough I'm thinkin', Mass or no Mass, wid me mother down below there prayin' away for me like iverything you could name. Sure you wouldn't say they'd go for to be makin' a fool of her, lettin' her waste her time axin' for nothin' she 'll git! If they would, she might as well ha' been after thim pinkeens, that's as slithery to try catch as little ould divils. Did your Riverince iver hare tell there was trout in the bit of sthrame along yonder?'"

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

"HYPATIA."

Any doubt in the mind of the playgoer who had been refreshing his memory of Kingsley's novel, whether the great issues at stake in that famous romance—the conflict of Christianity, not in its best aspect, with the noblest representative of the Pagan philosophy in Alexandria—would interest a modern audience must have been settled long before the first performance of Mr. Stuart Ogilvie's drama at the Haymarket came to an end. The audience was interested in a rare degree, but not in Hypatia's philosophy, not in the moral struggle of the old faith and the new which is so vividly presented in Kingsley's pages. True, we saw Bishop Cyril shorn somewhat of his devilry, and his fanatical monks ready for murder, with interludes of comic greed which Mr. Ogilvie will do well to omit. Here, too, was Hypatia's school, with an admirable grouping of pupils and gossips in the amphitheatre. There was even the peroration of a lecture, delivered by Miss Julia Neilson in most musical accents, but scarcely suggestive of Hypatia's commanding influence. I am one of this actress's most devoted admirers, and I never see her without a strong sense of the winning charm of her presence. In this play she is beautiful to see, robed in clinging white, pathetic in her weakness, irresistible in the love which she reveals to the young Christian who has won her heart, but

never for a moment the Hypatia Kingsley drew, the woman of imperious intellect, the great-souled champion of the ancient gods whose dominion she strove to preserve against the Galilean. Mr. Ogilvie has introduced into the story a new motive much more effectual for the purposes of the stage than the combat of religions and the contrast of Hypatia's masculine sense and heroic character with the corruptions of the Pagan world and the intrigues of the Alexandrian bishop. Out of the young Jew of the novel, Raphael, and his mother, Miriam, the dramatist has compounded a new personage—Issachar, the Israelite, who is the evil genius of Orestes, the Roman Prefect. Issachar has a daughter, whose ruin by Orestes prompts her father to precipitate the catastrophe. It is Issachar who suggests to the Prefect that marriage with Hypatia which is to rescue the Roman world from Christian sway. It is Issachar who in an admirably played scene persuades Hypatia to this union by picturing the triumph of that ideal which has lifted her above the factions warring with evil passions and narrow partisanship against the spirit of truth.

Issachar, indeed, and not Hypatia, is the centre of this drama, and in the part of the vengeful Jew Mr. Beerbohm Tree is most picturesque and forcible. Whether hurling contemptuous defiance at the Christian mob, or playing Iagolike on the weakness and vanity of Orestes, or predicting with hysterical ecstasy the deliverance of the Chosen People from their foes, or pouring out maledictions on his daughter's betrayer, Mr. Tree amply justifies the introduction of a character perfectly foreign to the purpose of the original story. You do not care much about Issachar's daughter, except, perhaps, to regret that so excellent an actress as Miss Olga Brandon should represent such a very old theatrical device; but Mr. Ogilvie has certainly used his materials, new and old, with some deftness; and when he has cut down the superfluous rhetoric, which is not of the best quality, the play will move with great spirit. Mr. Alma - Tadema's

and when he has cut down the superfluous rhetoric, which is not of the
best quality, the play will move with
great spirit. Mr. Alma - Tadema's
marble is imitated with no little skill, though he
must have felt uneasy when he heard it creak under
the footsteps of Issachar and Orestes in Hypatia's
house. As a series of pictures, this production is
highly creditable to Mr. Tree's taste and enterprise. It does
not, perhaps, recall the Alexandria of the fifth century
with very convincing realism, because the treatment of
the story, and notably some of the acting, are so essentially modern. There is a gentleman who sells slaves in
the market - place with an air and a diction strongly
suggestive of the Old Kent Road. But in the last
scene I forgot all incongruities in the beauty of
Hypatia's death. It was a fine and impressive idea
to make her fancy that Philammon, the young Christian
who has touched her woman's soul, is Apollo shining upon
her dying vision. The horror of Hypatia's actual death is,
of course, impossible to the stage, and I am glad to carry
in my mind instead of it this picture in which Miss
Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry reach the highest moment
of the play.

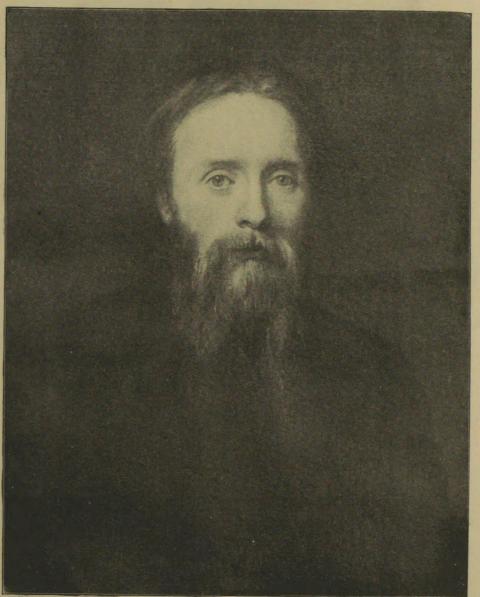
COSSACKS IN A CHINESE VILLAGE.

The vast dominion of the Russian Empire in Northern Asia, extending across a hundred and thirty degrees of longitude eastward to the Pacific Ocean, with a total population about equal to that of Ireland, borders on Chinese territories, where the provinces of Shansi and Pecheli, with Pekin the imperial capital, are approached by the Mongolian Desert. This road, a great highway of Asiatic trade, has recently been described by our Special Artist Mr. Julius M. Price, whose letters and sketches, which must be still in the remembrance of readers, are compiled in the volume

entitled "From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea." Among the minute and exact particulars of information furnished by him concerning the Russian administration of Siberia was a sufficient account of the frontier military service, which is further illustrated by one of the engravings published this week. The arrival of a "sotnia" or squadron of Cossacks in a village belonging to the Chinese Empire, with amicable intentions, for the mere exchange of courtesies between the officers of the Great White Czar and those of the Celestial realm which rivals the Sun and the Moon, is accompanied with formal civilities and friendly tea-drinking, and may be an agreeable incident of life in a dull and monotonous service. It is the same on the western frontier of the Chinese dominion, the mountain range between Kashgar and Eastern Turkestan, visited not long ago by the Russian Governor-General Baron Wrewsky, of whose tour we possess an interesting narrative by Prince A. Gagarine, with accompanying sketches prepared for early publication.

MR. EDWARD BURNE-JONES, A.R.A.

Fifty-nine years ago, in commercial Birmingham, was born Edward Burne-Jones, of Welsh parentage. It may be interesting to mention that his nephew is Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He was educated at King Edward's Grammar School in that town, winning an exhibition which took



MR. E. BURNE-JONES, A.R.A.

FROM A PAINTING BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

him to Exeter College, Oxford, whither he went with the intention of entering holy orders. Here his friendship with Mr. William Morris, and the subsequent influence of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, led to his embracing art. Accordingly, his University career came to an abrupt conclusion. He was an intimate of Rossetti in the most literal sense, and although he commenced, only at the age of twenty-five, drawing with a decided object in view, his work has been most varied and profuse. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1885, and in the same year he became President of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists. He never exhibits at the Royal Academy, yet his fame exceeds that of many of the leading artists of the day. Some very fine examples of decorative work by Mr. Burne-Jones exist in certain private houses and in several churches. If the "true object of art is to create a world, not to imitate what is constantly before our eyes," then certainly Mr. Burne-Jones has been a true follower of art. To-day his remarkable genius is evident in the extensive exhibition of his work, which will win new lovers of his unique style.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE PANTOMIME.

If you want to feel young again, go and see "The Babes in the Wood and Bold Robin Hood" at the Crystal Palace. It is a survival from old-fashioned pantomime. True, there is what is called an "up-to-date" harlequin wear white shirt-fronts and high collars, and in which the policeman sports an eyeglass. But, for all that, the piece is of the good old sort, carrying one back to the days of one's childhood in most agreeable fashion. Here is a pantomime

in which one can actually follow the story, which opens in the "nebulous realms of Time," introducing to us not only the worthy Chronos, but also the genial Santa Claus, and Goodwill, and Discontent, and the Spirits of the Past and of the Future; and which ends in a Transformation that has an idea in it, and that one can positively understand. Here, again, is a pantomime with plenty of honest fun in it—with a couple of Babes (Misses Kitty Loftus and Rosie Leyton) who are distinctly "larky," with a Baron (Mr. S. Wilkinson) given to flirtation and imitation of a great tragedian, with a Baroness played by a comedian (Mr. Mat Robson) who is not vulgar, and with a baronic household which plays great games with the baronic breakfast. Here are a couple of Christmas villains (Messrs. Arthur Watts and Watty Brunton)—the wicked robbers—who really are extravagantly wicked, and who treat us to the historic fight wi'h energy and abandon. Boyhood returns to one as one watches the gradual vivification of the toy soldiers, first made famous by the brothers Walton, and now interpreted by the brothers Kitchen. And then that procession of the Golden Alphabet! "A was an Archer that shot at a Frog"—we see not only A but the Archer and the Frog, and the former shooting at the latter. We see a whole series of such things, including Ireland, and John Eull (who is tremendously applauded), and the British Lion, and the Unicorn, and a mimic representation of the Crystal Palace, and Mr. Gladstone trying to fell a tree, but running away when the cow comes to impale him on the horns of an unpolitical dilemma. All this is charming; and yet one is almost as much charmed when one istaken with the Babes to see Noah's Ark and to watch all the

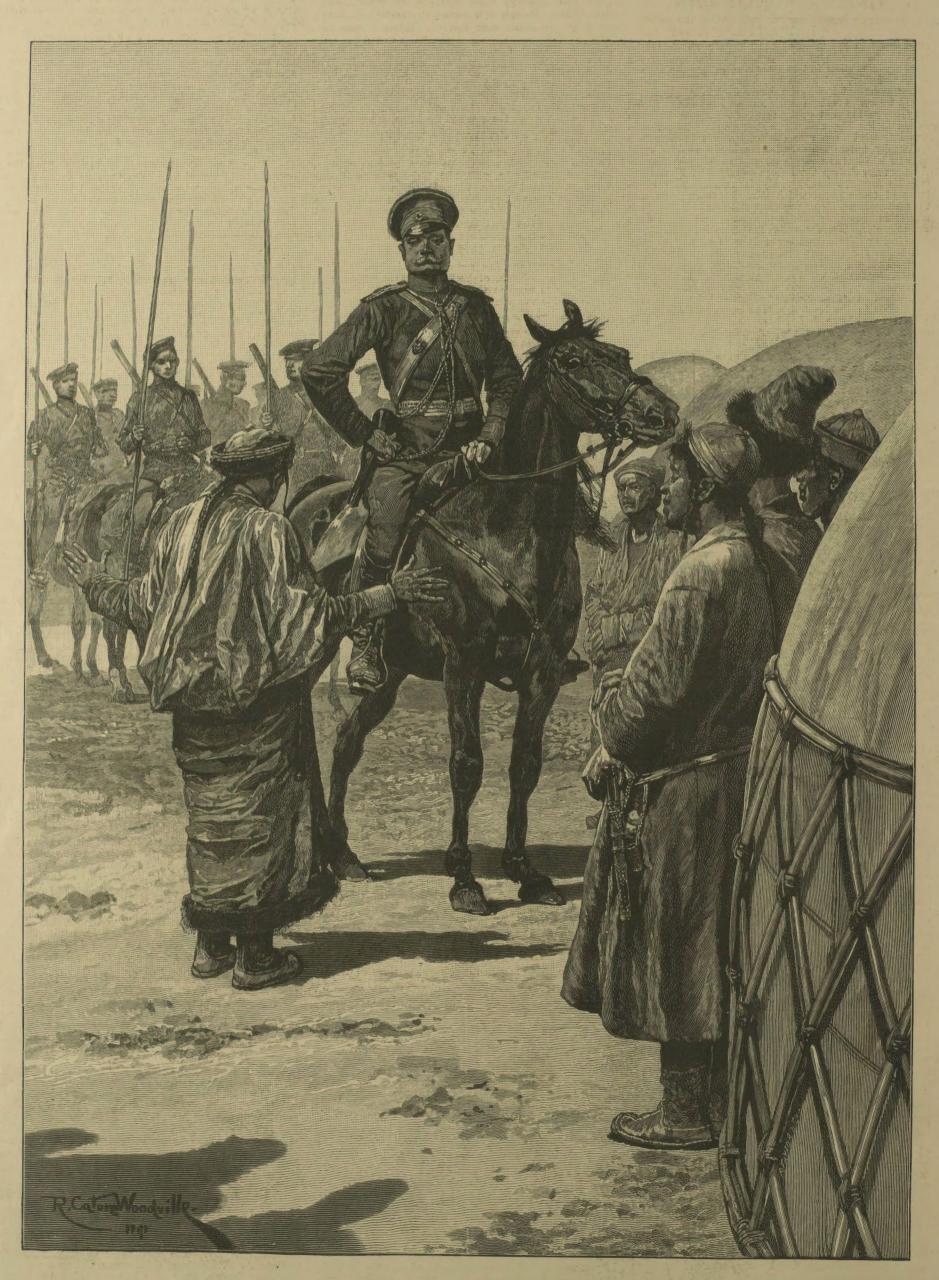
ing; and yet one is almost as much charmed when one is taken with the Babes to see Noah's Ark and to watch all the animals—very wooden and deliciously angular—toddling slowly out of that wonderful architectural achievement. How true to the days of childhood are those prim and crispy trees that dominate the landscape! But there is beauty as well as humour in Mr. Oscar Barrett's latest Sydenham show. The glimpses of Sherwood Forest supplied by Mr. Emden are delightful; so are the dances of foresters and archers and milkmaids and the like that take place in these woodlands; so is the ballet presented at the Court of the Snow Queen—an "arrangement" in white which strikes one as eminently seasonable. Pretty and vivacious also are the little Robins whom Madame Katti Lanner has so carefully trained. And do not the Babes trip it no less gracefully? Has not Miss Loftus a bright clear voice, which penetrates into every corner of the theatre, and does she not bound through her part with evident enjoyment? Here Maid Marian is played by one of the best of comédiennes and burlesque artists, Miss Laura Linden; and an old Savoyard, Mr. W. Lugg, is seen and heard in a small rôle. Finally, there is the music discoursed throughout by the excellent orchestra—music now of an "old English," now of an operatic, and now of a "classic" sort, with, happily, only an occasional draft upon music-hall melody.

NAVAL COURT-MARTIAL AT DEVONPORT.

On board H.M.S. Swiftsure, the flagship of the Duke of Edinburgh, Commander - in - Chief at Devonport, on Thursday, Dec. 29, and following days, a court - martial was held for the trial of Vice-Admiral Henry Fairfax, C.B., commander of the Channel Squadron, charged with having, on Nov. 2, negligently or by default, hazarded the ships of the squadron in entering Ferrol Harbour, on the north coast of Spain, whereby H.M.S. Howe was stranded on a rock. The members of the Court were Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, V.C., K.C.B., who presided; Vice-Admiral Sir A. C. F. Heneage, K.C.B., Commander - in - Chief at the Nore; Sir R. More Molyneux, K.C.B., Superintendent of

members of the Court were Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, V.C., K.C.B., who presided; Vice-Admiral Sir A. C. F. Heneage, K.C.B., Commander - in - Chief at the Nore; Sir R. More Molyneux, K.C.B., Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard; Rear - Admiral H. C. St. John, Senior Officer on the coast of Ireland; Flag-Captain A. T. Brooke, C.B., Royal Naval Barracks, Keyham; Captain C. L. Oxley, A.D.C., Swiftsure; Captain M. Dunlop, Steam Reserve; Captain A. Douglas; and Captain Sir W. Wiseman. Fleet-Paymaster C. E. Gifford, secretary of the Naval Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, was the prosecutor; Mr. H. H. Rickard, secretary to the Duke of Edinburgh, officiated as Judge Advocate. The prisoner was assisted in his defence by Mr. W. R. Bousfield, Q.C., M.P. (instructed by Hughes, Hooker, and Co., London), and Paymaster Donaldson, his secretary.

The proceedings began with reading the report of Captain Hastings, of the Howe, which was read at his trial at Portsmouth, and the Admiralty letter directing this court-martial. The chart of Ferrol Harbour, published in 1873, but founded on old Spanish surveys of 1789 with occasional later corrections, was produced by Captain Wharton, Hydrographer to the Navy, and was admitted to be untrustworthy. The commander of H.M.S. Howe, Captain A. P. Hastings, C.B., was called as a witness, also Flag-Captain Hammil, who commanded the Royal Sovereign, and proved that Admiral Fairfax had directed the squadron of six ships to enter the harbour in open order, four cables apart, manœuvring independently; they had no pilots, and no special orders about steerage. Evidence was given also by Commander Noel, navigating officer of the Royal Sovereign. The trial was continued



ADVANCE OF RUSSIAN CIVILISATION: A SOTNIA OF COSSACKS AT A VILLAGE IN CHINESE TARTARY.

"HYPATIA," AT THE HAYMARKET.

A CHAT WITH MR. G. STUART OGILVIE.

In an old country rectory, remote from "noise and smoke of town," but

not so very

far from the

bustling

capital of

Surrey, I found the

dramatist of

"Hypatia"

at home,

writes a re-

presentative of the Illustrated London News. Passing a pretty church, op-

posite to a quiet ceme-



MR. G. STUART OGILVIE, AUTHOR OF "HYPATIA."

tery, you come to Old Stoke Rectory, where Mr. G. Stuart Ogilvie resides. The

"I was born at Haslemere, in Surrey, which has now become such a happy hunting-ground for literary and artistic folk. Though a Scotsman by descent, I have been much associated with Surrey. Before I came to Guildford, I was at Kingston, where I was first appointed to the County Bench, so you see from my birth onwards I can call myself a Surrey man. My father was the late Alexander Ogilvie, of Sizewell, Suffolk. He was a partner with Brassey in many great engineering enterprises, and, curiously enough, nearly lost his life in the Guildford tunnel during the construction of the South-Western line to Portsmouth.'

"Have you always had a love of the drama?"

"Well, when I was quite a little boy I was a dreamy, imaginative creature, but I got a good deal of this modified by public-school life at Rugby, where I was much more proud of being in the School Fifteen than in the sixth form. And a good thing, too. Many a race is won by the riding, and, in my opinion, many a dramatist has been lost by want of touch with the practical part of life. My mother was passionately fond of hunting, so I was soon introduced to the saddle. Then, at college—University College, Oxford—I rowed in my college boat. Altogether, athletics have always interested me, and I'm very glad to acknowledge how much advantage these field-sports are to a brain-worker. After graduating at Oxford I was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in 1882." imaginative creature, but I got a good deal of this modified

in your mind's eye, and clothe the whole idea with colour; and even then you easily fail rightly to appreciate the worth of a play. I've read a good many in manuscript before their production, so speak with some authority."

"And when did your rehearsals actually commence?" "Well, the actors and actresses 'walked through their parts' on December 1st, and since that date they were hard at work. Mr. Tree, as a good manager, does not believe in over-rehearsing. It can be easily done, and then the play becomes to those who are to make or mar its fortunes 'stale, flat, and unprofitable.' Oh, yes, I believe there is every whit as much danger of over-rehearsal as of over-elaboration in literature. I am glad to say that the cast seems well suited to each of the over-renearsal as of over-elaboration in literature. I am glad to say that the cast seems well suited to each of the players, and they have been quite enthusiastic over the play. It is a serious question to understand what the British public will like on the stage. But they are getting more and more educated up to a critical standpoint of honestly liking what pleases them, despite anything that critics may say; and this is encouraging. Look at the case of 'The Red Lamp.' After the Press had predicted that it would be a failure, how the public crowded to see it!"

"As the witty Archbishop of York said, 'We are none of us infallible—not even the youngest!' Is 'Hypatia' your first play?"

"It is my first serious effort; and a daring thing it has been considered to tell that story partly in blank verse and partly in prose dialogue. However, I think the Scotch



ORESTES (Mr. Lewis Waller).

HYPATIA (Miss Julia Neilson).

ISSACHAR (Mr. Beerbohm Tree)

"HYPATIA," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE : ISSACHAR'S TEMPTATION OF ORESTES.

house is not very noticeable from the main road, being sheltered by tall trees, which just now are truly

Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang. This white house had passed through some vicissitudes before it became the home of the playwright whose occupancy makes it interesting at present. It was formerly the rectory of the parish, but, succeeding rectors being disinclined to live there, it was put up to auction. The drawing - room was previously used for a congregation gathered together by evangelical Dr. West—the said congregation never being permitted to reach the total of fifty. The adjacency of the church suggests, by-the-way, the connection between the Church and the Stage!

But it is with Mr. Ogilvie, and not so much with his home, that the readers of the Illustrated London News will be interested. A tall, athletic man of thirty-four, with determination and (as one of his intimates said) an "obvious saneness" written on his face, is Glencairn Stuart Ogilvie. In his delightfully cosy "den," looking out upon the garden glittering with frost, Mr. Ogilvie chatted with me about his forthcoming play and its writer.

"To begin at the very beginning, as the children say,

"And have you acted yourself?"

"Oh, often in amateur performances; but lately I've given that up. You have no idea how wearing such work is if, besides playing a leading part, you have to select the other performers, arrange the band-music, mollify every these recessor's feelings". fussy person's feelings

'And attend to the box-office, I suppose?"

"Well, that usually is not a profitable part of the business. But, seriously, amateur dramatic affairs have to be very good nowadays to 'draw' at all; and the work involved in their arrangement is tremendous. Of course, I got plenty of experience of the stage in this way.'

"And how long were you writing 'Hypatia,

Mr. Ogilvie?'

"For six years the matter has been en train. Here you will see is the first rough draft of what we call 'the book' of the play. Since 1886 I have changed and modified it considerably, and especially since it was preparing for Mr. Tree's production. At rehearsal, for example, a hiatus becomes noticeable and has to be excitifed are a life as to an offective point gradually style because. rectified, or an idea as to an effective point suddenly strikes you, and is incorporated. There is nothing, I consider, more difficult than to form correctly a judgment of whether a play will be successful or not merely from a perusal of 'the book.' You have to picture the various scenes blood in me demands difficulties in order to produce any real success. Charles Kingsley's fine book has been often an ideal to dramatists, but so far as I know no drama on it has been staged before. The story seizes your imagination—you can't help being impressed by it—it is quite an English classic in literature. You may like to know that English classic in literature. You may like to know that I read 'Hypatia,' the play, to the daughters of Charles Kingsley the other day. Both Mrs. Harrison ('Lucas Malet'), the authoress, and Miss Kingsley, her sister, expressed themselves delighted with it, and I count that the highest praise.

You have been fortunate, Mr. Ogilvie, in securing

the aid of Mr. Alma-Tadema.

"Yes; he has been a very great acquisition. And into his seenic work Mr. Alma-Tadema has thrown so much enthusiasm as well as skill. He carefully read the book of the play before he would definitely promise to give us his assistance. But he soon saw the opportunities for his genius, and the result is seen in our play. Then Dr. Hubert Parry's music is another great feature. So quickly after the great success of his oratorio 'Job,' Dr. Parry's achievement in this new direction is all the more striking."

The photograph that we are able to give of Mr. G. Stuart Ogilvie is by Mr. William H. Grove, 174, Brompton Road, S.W., after a rapid crayon sketch by

Miss E. Deane.

PERSONAL.

The Deanery of Peterborough, vacant by the death of the Very Rev. Dr. Argles, is bestowed on an honorary canon of that cathe-



THE REV. W. C. INGRAM, The New Dean of Peterborough.

dral, the Rev W. Clavell Ingram, Vicar of St. Matthew's, Leicester. He was edu-cated at Jesus College, Cambridge, won mathematical honours as Junior Optime, and became mathematical tutor at Lancing College, Sussex, be-Sussex, be-fore taking Church orders; then served

two years as Army chaplain, but in 1864 was appointed to the vicarage of Kirk Michael, with the Bishop's examining chaplaincy, in the Isle of Man. In 1874 Mr. Ingram accepted from the late Bishop Magee the vicarage of Leicester, where he is known as an earnest and useful parish clergyman, Sunday-school manager, and conductor of religious missions.

Bishop Anson is to be succeeded in the diocese of Qu'Appelle, North-West America, by the Rev. William J. Burn, Vicar of Coniscliffe, Darlington. Mr. Burn, who was a Cambridge Wrangler, was ordained in 1874, and came under the notice of Bishop Lightfoot while serving as a curate at Jarrow. The Bishop gave him the living. He has shown himself a strong, vigorous worker, a capable organiser, and the very man for such pioneer work as, despite the successful labour of Bishop Anson, still remains to be done in the diocese of Qu'Appelle.

In the death of the Rev. John Mills, Rector of Orton Waterville, one of the oldest clergymen in the Church of England has passed away. He was a Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge. He took his degree as far back as 1831, having as his contemporaries the late Baron Amphlett, Sir James Paget, Dean Blakesley, and Bishop Selwyn. Ordained in 1835, he held a curacy for a short time, and in 1837 he was presented by his college to the living of Orton Waterville, which he held uninterruptedly until his death. He was beloved by his little flock; the parish, which contained less than 400 souls, representing a happy family with the vicar at the head. He taught them the duty of almsgiving, and the sum of £120 a year was given regularly towards his pet institution, the Church Missionary Society. This sum was raised in a somewhat remarkable way. He had a mangle and a threshing floor, and the receipts from both were used to swell the missionary fund. Mr. Mills was one of the representatives of Cambridge University who had the honour of presenting a congratulatory address to the Queen on her accession to the throne.

The list of New Year's honours is a singularly meagre one. The only promotion of general public interest is the raising of the Duke of York from the rank of commander to that of captain in her Majesty's Fleet. Mr. Jerningham, the Lieutenant-Governor of Mauritius, Dr. Brownless, Chancellor of the University of Melbourne, and Major Clarke, late secretary to the Colonial Defence Committee, get their K.C.M.G., and there are other Colonial and Indian honours of minor interest. The latter include a good many distinguished natives, among them being the Dewan of Mysore, who is created a K.C.S.I. No political awards appear, and no Englishman of distinction is either raised to the peerage or given any of the titles which are usually distributed at the beginning of the year.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was invited by the Synod of British Columbia to find that see a new prelate in



The Rev. W. W. Perrin,
The New Bishop of British Columbia

Bishop Hills. His Grace has made an excellent choice. The see has been accepted by the Rev. Dr. W. Perrin, Vicar of St. L u k e's, Southampton. It is true that Mr. Perrin is a more ad-vanced High Churchman than many of his brethren, but that is no bar to the general acknowledg-

fitness for the see. Those who know Southampton are aware that Mr. Perrin has long been one of the most hardworking and popular incumbents in that town. After graduating at Oxford he was appointed to the curacy of St. Mary's, Southampton, where he worked for ten years. His incumbent, Canon Basil Wilberforce, helped largely to frame the character of the curate. Mr. Perrin follows Canon Wilberforce in his ardour for the temperance cause. He has also done excellent service

as chairman of the School Board, while his parochial and mission work is beyond all praise.

A very noteworthy man has just died in the person of Mr. Higinbotham, Chief Justice of Victoria. The distinguished judge and politician, who remained a plain "Mr." till the day of his death because he would not acknowledge the right of Downing Street to have any hand in Australian affairs, was in his way one of the most remarkable products of Colonial statesmanship. Mr. Higinbotham's first important appearance in the public life of Victoria was as the editor of the Melbourne Argus, which he conducted with great spirit and independence. He turned from journalism to the law, and also to politics, his chief mark being a certain characteristic leaning to democracy and protection. He became Attorney-General in the McCulloch-Heales Administration, and fought a long and stern battle with the Colonial Office over the throwing open of the public lands to the poorer claimants. In the end the Colonial authorities were practically victorious, and Mr. Higinbotham, who fought the Home Government to the last, and certainly used some sweeping measures against them, resigned. Resuming his practice, he was made a puisne judge twelve years ago, and Chief Justice in 1886. He was an admirable lawyer and a most competent and highminded judge. His private character had a vein of genuine chivalry in it, and his personal record was untarnished.

Mr. Richard Ouseley Blake Lane, Q.C., who has just been appointed metropolitan magistrate in the place

Mr. Montagu Williams, Q.C., was born in 1842, and is the eldest son of the Rev. J. Lane, Rector of Killashee, county Kildare. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; had a distinguished academical career, and was besides a fine football took the first prize and was orator of the Historical



Mr. R. O. B. LANE, Q.C., The New London Police Magistrate.

Society. He entered as a student at the Inner Temple, and was called to the Bar in 1870. Mr. Lane has enjoyed a large general practice, which of late years has been chiefly confined to cases of a commercial character. He appeared on behalf of Mrs. Cathcart not long ago in the Court of Appeal. Mr. Lane "took silk" in 1890. His appointment to a police-court magistracy has occasioned some surprise, owing to the fact that he has had little experience of criminal business; but as his knowledge of the law is unquestioned, Mr. Montagu Williams's successor will, doubtless, be thoroughly efficient in his new position. Mr. Lane is a widower, and has two sons, one of whom is at the Bar. The new magistrate is very popular among his legal colleagues. He will be one of the tallest, if not the tallest, occupants of the magisterial bench in metropolitan police-courts.

The death of Mr. William Summers, M.P., has deprived the political world of an energetic worker and an effective s $p \in a \times r$.

When only twenty-seven years old he was elected Liberal member for Stalybridge, where he was born. He continued to represent this town in the House of Commons until 1885, when he was defeated. The following again found him in St. Stephen's -this time as the member for Huddersfield, for



THE LATE MR. W. SUMMERS, M.P.

which constituency he was re-elected at the recent General Election. Mr. Summers was educated at Owens College, Manchester, at London University, where he graduated M.A., and was gold medallist in classics in 1878, and at University College, Oxford. He was called to the Bar of Lincoln's Inn in 1881. In the capacity of a Junior Whip Mr. Summers rendered excellent service in the last Parliament, and was a most popular member of his party. His health broke down prior to the last election, and it was at Allahabad, on a tour in the East, that he died of malignant small-pox on the first day of the New Year.

A name has at last been found for the evening paper which is to start on Jan. 30 (the day of the reopening of Parliament), and which is to be a revival of the Pall Mall Gazette as it existed before the present changes in policy and proprietorship. The name of Mr. Newnes's and Mr. E. T. Cook's venture is to be the Westminster Gazette, a title formerly employed by a Catholic organ published some years ago. There will be an illustrated weekly attached to the new daily, the title of which has not been absolutely fixed. The staff of the new venture will be substantially that of the old Pall Mall.

MUSIC.

It is announced that her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to command that the Carl Rosa Opera Company shall henceforth be entitled to use the prefix "Royal," and that the performers shall be permitted to style themselves "Her Majesty's Servants." The first of these privileges is a welcome recognition of the excellent work that has been done during the past eighteen years by the operatic enterprise which the late Carl Rosa founded and carried on with such remarkable energy, skill, and artistic spirit. Since it is not, unhappily, the custom in this country to grant State aid to operatic institutions, or, indeed, to musical or dramatic undertakings of any sort, excepting the pittance of £500 bestowed yearly upon the Royal Academy, one is inclined to hail with especial satisfaction this kindly desire on the part of the Sovereign to shed permanent distinction upon the names of the establishments that do the good work. In the case of the Carl Rosa Company, as in that of Signor Lago, the honour has been the outcome of a creditable performance given before the Queen in one of the royal palaces. To the unfortunate impresario of the autumn season at the Olympic Theatre it has not so far proved a wholly beneficial talisman, but we may safely assume that the Carl Rosa enterprise will be in a position to make long and profitable use of its "New Year's gift," or, at any rate, that portion of it embodied in the prefix. As to the value of the term "Her Majesty's Servants" for general purposes, we are not quite so sure. It can hardly be put in the "bill" every day, as it used to be until within recent memory by the managers of the two royal "patent" houses, Covent Garden and Drury Lane. It was, of course, revived by Sir Augustus Harris in the programme of the "Carmen" per-formance given lately at Windsor Castle, when a company of Covent Garden artists appeared before the Queen for the first time since the death of the Prince Consort. Perhaps first time since the death of the Prince Consort. Perhaps it was that which suggested the idea of permitting the Carl Rosa artists to style themselves "Her Majesty's Servants." Anyhow, let us hope that the term will be employed exclusively in its collective sense, and even then only on the occasion of a representation before royalty. A card bearing the legend "Mr. Barton McGuckin, H.M.S.," or "Mr. Alec Marsh, H.M.S.," might lead to troublesome inquiries at the Admiralty or the Dead-Letter Office.

The Incorporated Society of Musicians, known heretofore as the National Society of Professional Musicians, has effectively celebrated the granting of its charter by holding its first annual conference since that event in the Metropolis. The opening meeting was held on Tuesday morning, Jan. 3, at the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor welcomed the members of the society. Sir John Stainer took the chair and delivered a highly lucid and instructive address on the subjects of "Technique and Sentiment." In the afternoon the members reassembled at their headquarters, the Midland Grand Hotel, and in the evening held a conversazione. The proceedings on Wednesday were presided over by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, and they were to terminate on the Friday with that necessary adjunct to all friendly British gatherings, a banquet. Among the musicians announced to read papers on various subjects were Messrs, McNaught, Hipkins, Cummings, Hiles, Carte, and Merrick. The artistic results of the conference we must deal with on another occasion, but we may take this opportunity of expressing gratification at the prosperous condition of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, which body is evidently destined to do much towards improving the quality and status of professional musicians and protecting their interests throughout the country.

Thanks in a great measure to fine "open" weather and the absence of fog, there was a full average attendance at the annual New Year's performance of the "Messiah" at the Royal Albert Hall. Owing to New Year's Day falling on a Sunday, the concert took place on the following evening, and the only drawback that has to be noted in connection with the familiar event is the absence of Mr. Edward Lloyd, who was prevented by indisposition from appearing. The popular tenor's place was taken by Mr. Iver McKay, who exerted himself to good purpose and obtained a fair measure of success. The solo honours of the night fell to Mr. Watkin Mills, that excellent baritone receiving a hearty and prolonged greeting of applause as reward for his vigorous delivery of "Why do the nations." Miss Anna Williams and Madame Patey were the soprano and contralto soloists of the occasion, and, being in capital voice, fulfilled their respective tasks in a manner too well known to need description. Equally superfluous would it be to dwell in detail upon the choral singing, which was throughout of the highest order of excellence. The tone and attack were simply splendid, and when the audience, delighted with the magnificent rendering of "For unto us," tried hard for an encore, Sir Joseph Barnby acted wisely in granting the request. It was one of those instances in which a repetition conferred honour upon the executants and pleasure upon the listeners. The clever conductor wielded his baton with unerring judgment and skill. A good word, too, should be said for the orchestra and for Mr. Hodge, who did his work at the organ with conspicuous ability.

Lovers of a simple, pretty ballad—unpretending in style, expressive and effective in character—might do worse than purchase "If thou art far away," from the opera "Coquette," words by Mary Evered, music by Angela Rawlinson. The song has been much admired in drawing-rooms where it has been sung.

OUR PORTRAITS.

For our portraits of Mr. R. O. B. Lane, Q.C., and the late Mr. W. Summers, M.P., we are indebted to Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street; for that of the Rev. W. C. Ingram to Mr. Samuel A. Walker, Regent Street; for that of the Rev. W. W. Perrin to Messrs. Debenham and Smith, of Southampton; and for that of Captain McKay to Messrs. Sarony, of New York.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen's family party which assembled at Osborne for Christmas has broken up. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are going to Berlin, and thence to Sigmaringen for their niece's wedding. The Duke next intends to visit the Czar of Russia at St. Petersburg, while the Duchess hopes to spend a few weeks in Italy, in company with her mother, Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia. Their children are going to reside at Osborne Cottage in the absence of the Duke and Duchess.

A splendid series of tableaux vivants was presented before the Queen and a distinguished company on Jan. 2. Her Majesty is particularly fond of this species of entertainment, and Princess Henry of Battenberg is no less clever in arranging the scenes. About thirty ladies and gentlemen, including the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne, figured in the tableaux vivants. A special programme of music was performed by the band of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, and supper was served in the dining-room.

Her Majesty will spend a month at Windsor prior to her leaving England for Florence towards the end of March.

The Prince of Wales has consented to serve on the Poor Law Commission. H.R.H. has had considerable experience of Commissions dealing with the condition of the poor.

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour passed through London en route for the south of France on Jan. 3, so that three leaders in politics are out of England at the same time.

Two curiously opposite pronouncements on the coming Home Rule Bill have been made by a Scotch supporter of the Ministry and by Mr. John Redmond, the leader of the Pairnellite section. Mr. Robert Wallace, one of the Liberal members for Edinburgh, writes to the New Review expressing strong dislike of the proposal to retain the Irish members, which, after Mr. Gladstone's abandonment of the 24th clause of the Home Rule Bill of 1886, is inevitable. Mr. Wallace thinks that this implies that Ireland will not only have control of her own affairs, but will decide those of Scotland as well. On the other hand, Mr. Redmond insists in the same review that as the Irish members are to be retained at Westminster they must appear there undiminished in numbers and in power. In other words, Mr. Redmond will not consent either to a reduction of the number of the Irish representatives or to a plan confining their votes to strictly Imperial business. Mr. Redmond also insists that the Home Rule Bill ought to have been produced before the opening of Parliament for full discussion by the nation.

A curious series of reports has reached the public as to the condition of Mrs. Maybrick. The first tidings was that she had exhibited serious symptoms of the last stages of consumption, including blood-spitting, and that, as her death was imminent, she would probably be released according to custom. Then it was stated that she had brought her sufferings on herself either with a prison knife or by swallowing needles, and that it was a case either of attempted suicide or of "malingering." These charges have been denied by Mrs. Maybrick's solicitors, but the authorities have made no statement one way or another. The affair, therefore, remains a mystery, but it does not appear that any steps are being taken for Mrs. Maybrick's release.

The cold which has prevailed in London and all over the country and the greater part of the Continent during last week has been both intense and continuous. The maximum temperature registered on Jan. 2 was as low as 27 deg. at Dungeness and 28 deg. at York and in London. The lowest London temperature was 21 deg. At the Ben Nevis observatory on the same day the maximum temperature registered at the station on the summit was 18·3 deg., and the minimum 5·2 deg. The Thames is being gradually frozen over in the upper reaches above the tidal influence, and masses of floating ice find their way under the great London bridges. As a rule, the atmosphere has been still, so that the continued cold has not been so severely felt.

The amusement of the week has been skating. Practically every piece of still water in England has been converted into a skating-ground. In London especially the fine stretches of water at the Serpentine, the Welsh Harp, Battersea Park, and elsewhere have been thronged—especially on Saturday and Sunday—with thousands of pleasure-takers. The London County Council has, to its credit, taken special pains to secure smooth ice and good attendance and comfort for the skaters. The ice has been regularly swept and repaired, refreshment-tents have been provided, the staff of servants has been carefully organised, and lights have been provided after dark. The waters under the control of the Crown have been nothing like so well looked after, and the quality of the ice has been inferior. In the Fen District a good many skating contests have taken place, and the list of fatalities and accidents has been rather an appalling one.

M. Pasteur, amid other honours, has just received a special testimonial of the Sultan of Turkey's admiration. By-the-way, an excellent portrait of his Majesty has recently appeared in the Eastern and Western Review.

It is said that the Board of Agriculture are about to inquire into the condition of cattle in all the London cowsheds. So far no trace of the origin of the recently discovered cases of infection has been found.

The New Year's Day official receptions at different European Courts are reputed worthy of notice for whatever symptoms of political feeling may be discerned in the tone of royal or imperial, or even Republican Presidential, complimentary speeches to foreign diplomatic agents, or to the Ministers of State and generals of the army. The German Emperor, on Jan. 1, addressing his generals in the White Room of the palace at Berlin, laid strong emphasis on the necessity of his scheme for the increase of the German Army, which has been approved by the Federal Governments, and expressed his hope that this conviction would be shared by the majority of the Imperial Diet. His Majesty intimated that he would not permit any opposition to this scheme on the part of officers of the army.

A certain amount of scandal among the German politicians has been occasioned by the Vorwürts, the Socialist Democrat newspaper, publishing statements of the secret payment, from 1868 to 1890, of various sums of money out of the revenues of the "Guelph Fund," the sequestrated property of King George of Hanover, to a number of persons, Ministers and high dignitaries of several German States, including Bavaria and Würtemberg; also generals, aides-de-camp, judges, members of the German Diet and of the Prussian Parliament, journalists, clergymen, administrative officials and spies, engaged to serve the policy of Prince Bismarck. It is suggested that France may point to such disclosures as a set-off to the discredit which the Panama Canal affair may inflict on her Republican Government. Count Caprivi, the Imperial Chancellor, stated nearly two years ago that his predecessor, as Minister of Foreign Affairs and as Chancellor, with the Ministers of Finance and of the Interior, had for twenty years disposed of that fund "both for direct and indirect objects tending to the security of Germany," without any public control or account of its expenditure, and that all the accounts and receipts were destroyed. The sequestration of the Guelph family property was removed in April 1892, on the Duke of Cumberland's promise not to do anything hostile to the German Empire.

M. Carnot, the President of the French Republic, in his reply on New Year's Day to the congratulations of the Papal Nuncio and the foreign Ministers, said that his Government contemplates the future with calmness, as it "confides in the clearsightedness of a country which reveres honour, uprightness, and truth," in which dignified expression of sentiment, as some people think, lies a reference to the Panama scandals and to the next autumn elections. The judicial examination of the Panama Company's directors is proceeding in charge of the Public Prosecutor, while the action of the committee appointed by the Chamber of Deputies has become comparatively unimportant.

An explosive apparatus placed in the Prefecture of Police, on Dec. 29, burst and shattered many of the windows, but no person was hurt.

The French population returns for the year 1891, now completed and issued, show a number of deaths, exceeding by ten thousand the number of births, which was only 866,000; the number of births in 1881 was 937,000, and there is a decrease almost every year,

The winter is very severe on the Continent of Europe. In Switzerland, the cold on Jan. 3 was 12 deg. below zero, Centigrade; the Lake of Lucerne was covered with blocks of ice. Violent snowstorms raged in Austria. The Seine and the Loire were frozen over. Soldiers were frozen to death at Cronstadt.

A great colliery strike of nearly 20,000 men, in the Saar district of the Alsace-Lorraine provinces conquered by Germany, the collieries belonging to the Imperial Crown, is regarded with some uneasiness at Berlin.

Serious labour riots have taken place in the north-eastern provinces of the Netherlands, Groningen, Friesland, and Overyssel; at Zwartluis, on Dec. 31, one of the rioters was shot dead by the police; and at Sappemer the gendarmes had to fire on the mob, five of whom were wounded.

The proposals of the Belgian King Leopold, noticed in his remarks at Court on New Year's Day, for the amendment of the political Constitution have been laid before the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. They would give the Parliamentary suffrage to owners and occupiers of all houses of a certain value, and to all having a diploma or certificate of education over twenty-five years of age.

The King of Portugal opened the Cortes at Lisbon on Jan. 2, dwelling in his speech on the serious financial difficulties relating to the external debt and bondholders of the State.

The Presidential election in the United States has returned 276 votes in the Electoral College for Mr. Cleveland, against 144 for General Harrison and 24 for General Weaver.

The Canadian revenue for the last fiscal year shows a decrease of 1,650,000 dollars, with an increase of 500,000 dollars in the expenditure and of 5,000,000 dollars in the public debt. The revenue of Victoria, Australia, shows a decrease of £491,000.

The Khedive of Egypt was, on Dec. 29, at the Abdin Palace, Cairo, invested by Lord Cromer, the British Diplomatic Agent, with the Grand Cross of the Bath.

An Egyptian camel corps, aided by some English troops, fought a battle with the Soudan Dervishes on Jan. 2 at Ambigol, and defeated them, but lost over fifty men killed; among these was Captain Pyne, 1st Battalion Dorsetshire Regiment.

In Upper Burmah active operations against the hostile tribes have now commenced. Two columns of troops with guns, under command of General Palmer, left Fort White on Jan. 3 to attack the Nwengals across the Manipur River

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Without a doubt the most important contribution made of recent years to sermon literature is the volume of "Cathedral and University Sermons" by Dean Church, just issued by Messrs. Macmillan. Finer sermons than these it would be impossible to find and it would be difficult to read anywhere. The "Village Sermons," by the same preacher, were somewhat disappointing. Dr. Church's characteristic excellences largely disappeared in the endeavour to adapt himself to an audience on a totally different intellectual plane from his own. But in St. Paul's and at Oxford he could be himself, and readers of this volume will find him at his highest and rarest—perhaps not least so in the sermon prepared for St. Paul's but never preached owing to his illness, and in the sermon, never to be forgotten by anyone who heard it preached, in memory of Dr. Pusey.

In the new volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" appear Professor Hort's memoir of Lightfoot and Canon Scott Holland's of Dr. Liddon. The notice of Lightfoot, although thorough and precise, does not add much to what was already known. It appears that the whole of Lightfoot's episcopal income was yearly expended by him for purposes within the diocese. No wonder that, as recorded by his friend, "numerous Nonconformists attended his funeral, not heeding the vehement protest against Disestablishment to which Lightfoot had given utterance at the Diocesan Conference of 1885." It should not be forgotten that Lightfoot was a private pupil of Bishop Westcott, and read classics with him for two years of his undergraduateship. Dr. Hort says: "The intimacy thus formed exercised thenceforward a powerful, yet never overpowering, influence over Lightfoot's mind.'

Canon Scott Holland says that Liddon fire's showed his genius as a preacher at Wantage. "His sermons were characterised by passionate fervour, much emotion, and great length." He did not startle the London world till 1870, when he delivered, in St. James's, Piccadilly, his lectures on "Some Elements of Religion." As for the Inspiration controversy, Canon Scott Holland sums up: "Liddon believed it illogical and impossible to permit criticism to dissect and redistribute the structure and maternals of the Old Testament and yet to hope to retain belief in the infallible authority of Jesus Christ. His last sermon, preached on Whit Sunday, 1890, before the University in St. Mary's, Oxford, contained a final and measured pronouncement on this controversy." Three volumes, it appears, of the "Life of Dr. Pusey" are complete. The whole work will contain four volumes. It should be noted that Canon Holland expressly states that Liddon was sounded about his willingness to accept a bishopric both by Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury.

A curious statement about Professor Maurice appears in the Scots Magazine for January. In a letter from P. P. Alexander to the late Principal Tulloch, dated Glasgow, March 7, 1854, the writer congratulates Tulloch on having gained the Burnet Prize of £600 for an essay on Theism, and says that it should count for something, seeing that Maurice and so many eminent hands were in the field. It will be remembered by readers interested in theology that two prizes, one of £1800, the other of £600, were offered for the best essay on the existence of God, and that the first-prize was gained by the Rev. R. A. Thompson, of whom and his book little has been heard; the second by Principal Tulloch, of St. Andrews, well known both in England and in Scotland. I confess I should be very much surprised to find that Maurice really entered the lists.

There has been a controversy about the churchmanship of Sir Walter Scott. There is no doubt that in later years Scott identified himself with Episcopacy, but it is stated, apparently or good authority, that up to 1806, and for some years after, he was a member of the Church of Scotland and an active office-bearer. He was an elder of Duddingston Kirk, of which the minister was the well-known artist the Rev. John Thomson. More than that, he was chosen by the Duddingston Kirk Session to represent them in the Presbytery and, in the Synod, and signed the Confession of Faith. Lockhart says that "he took up early in life a repugnance to the mode of public worship as conducted in the Scottish Establishment, and adhered to the sister Church." There is apparently good evidence to show that this is not true.

From the various interesting biographies of the late Professor Hort it appears that his favourite writer was Ruskin. He never travelled without a copy of one of Ruskin's volumes.

THE VOLUNTEER OFFICERS' DECORATION. The badge of honour given as a reward for long and

mentorious services in the Auxiliary Forces is bestowed only upon those who have been commissioned officers in this service during twenty years consecutively, who are certified by the authorities to be capable and efficient officers, and who are still holding commissions at the time of receiving the decoration. Our Illustration shows the design of this badge, which is very simple, displaying the royal initial letters, V.R., with a royal crown above, enclosed in a laurel wreath. Miniature copies are supplied by Messrs. A. D. Loewenstark and Sons, 110, Strand.

The courses of instruction at the Hythe School of Musketry, for officers and non-commissioned officers of the Army, and for officers of Militia and Volunteers, are fixed to begin on Feb. 14, April 11, May 30, Aug. 15, and Oct. 10 this year, with instruction also for non-commissioned

DECORATION.

officers of the permanent staff of the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers, and with special classes for senior officers.



THE TALE OF THE UMBRIA.

A stirring story of the sea, such as has often delighted the admirers of Mr. W. Clark Russell, could be framed on the experiences of the Cunard steam-ship Umbria, which safely reached New York, after considerable anxiety for her safety, early on Saturday morning, Dec. 31. In these days of

Newfoundland. For seventy-five miles the Umbria was towed by the Hamburg-American steam-ship Bohemia, but in a heavy gale on Christmas Eve the cable parted and the Umbria drifted away. It has since been discovered that the hawser by which the latter was towed was cut on board the Bohemia. She was sighted by a Wilson liner, which, however, could not take her in tow, and also by the

board the Bonemia. She was signted by a Wilson liner, which, however, could not take her in tow, and also by the

THE CUNARD STEAM-SHIP UMBRIA.

rapid voyages across the "herring-pond," the fact that the Umbria left Queenstown on Dec. 18 and only reached New York thirteen days later is an occasion for alarm; twenty years ago it would have been a cause of wonder! The trip had proceeded without any unusual incidents until Friday, Dec. 23, when, to quote from an abstract of the log, "in lat. 42 48 N., long. 57 17 W., a strong breeze was blowing from the north-west. At 5.25 p.m. the engines stopped, owing to the shaft breaking at the thrust block. The wind and sea were moderate." The repairs to the shaft lasted four days, and took place off the coast of

Manhansett and by the Gallia. In return to the Umbria's signal "Disabled, stand by," the Gallia only replied, "Can't stand by, carrying mails." Considering that the Umbria herself was carrying 1300 bags and other very important cargo, it is not surprising that she signalled, as a parting shot, "We hold you responsible." The Gallia arrived at Queenstown on Jan. 2, and, of course, the captain was at once questioned as to his reported action, but declined to give any information, except to the Cunard Company. A plausible explanation is found in the idea that the Umbria did not convey by her signals any exact

mention of danger. However, we shall probably hear more on this point in a day or two. Meanwhile, Messrs. T. Wilson, Sons, and Co., Limited, have hastened to contradict the statement that their steamer Galileo declined to tow the Umbria by reason of insufficient coal. They have been informed that the

Umbria declined assistance. The nature of the fracture which temporarily disabled the steam-ship rendered the work of repairing it somewhat lengthy, but there is hearty praise accorded to the enginears for the efficiency with which they managed it. Chief Engi-

neer Tomlinson had to undertake the heavy task of mending an awkward breakage while the vessel was rolling and pitching in a heavy sea. To our naval readers it will be interesting to learn that he drilled three keyways out of solid steel in the collars, and fitted steel bolts of five inches in diameter into them. Mr. Tomlinson

had to shorten them and reconstruct the massive ruis. After two hours' trial on the 28th, one of the connecting

bolts had its head wrenched off. This was repaired, and the Umbria proceeded to its destination under favourable conditions. The method of meeting the mechanical difficulties has received high approbation from experts. The



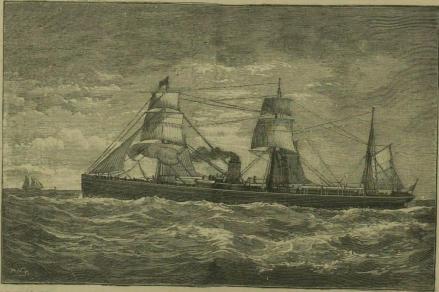
Mr. J. Tomlinson, Chief Engineer of the Umbria.

broken shaft had no support for 26 ft., and men were engaged for three days continuously working with drills and chisels. A subscription of £100 was raised for the engineering staff by the grateful passengers, who appear, under the unfortunate circumstances, to have behaved with exemplary common-sense. Varying the condition of Lotos-land, "in which it seemed always afternoon," the ladies on board the Umbria continually improvised five o'clock teas, and "walked about the cabins with the utmost serenity, and were the life and soul of the dinner-tables." An enthusiastic passenger further states that "we could not have managed without them, if the whole truth be told." So there is one other achievement to be added to the articles which have lately appeared on "Women's Work in 1892."

Captain McKay and his officers seem to have acted with excellent judgment through the trying conditions under which they controlled the ship. Bulletins as to the state of affairs were constantly exhibited, and only the usual minority of foolish people created any excitement. The scene on the Umbria's arrival at New York was most exhilarating. As soon as the ship entered the harbour all the passengers went to the captain and heartily congratulated him. Hundreds of persons had assembled at the wharf to greet their friends on board and learn the story of their experiences. Among those who awaited the steamer's arrival were two young Englishmen whose brides were on board the Umbria. They had simultaneously visited the Rev. Walter Garner, who was to conduct the weddings, and became acquainted with each other. The double wedding has now been celebrated, acquiring extra interest from the circumstances. And thus, as in the story-books, we are able to end our narrative with wedding-bells. The passengers will have the heartiest congratulations on their safety, and the officers are also entitled to warm praise for their



CAPTAIN MCKAY, OF THE UMBRIA.



THE CUNARD STEAM-SHIP GALLIA.

behaviour, although they will doubtless only claim that they "did their duty and nothing more." The whole story may be summed up in a medley of Shaksperian titles. It is the "Winter's Tale" of a "Comedy of Errors" in a "Tempest," to which, fortunately, there is the conclusion of "All's Well that Ends Well." In many a home "Christmas Day on the Umbria" will be a popular item in conversation round the fireside for many a day.

HE. REBEL. QUEEN BY WALTER. BESANT.



at the window turned her head quietly, and spoke with the appearance of calm,

but her cheek flushed crimson and her hands trembled. The clock was striking ten when her visitor opened the door of the drawing-room and stood in the doorway unannounced. He was quite a young man - not more than twenty-fivebut he seemed older, by reason of his grave and thoughtful expression and his deep-set eyes. Looking at his dress, one might have set him down as a young working man: he wore a loose square jacket—the kind of jacket that is sometimes affected by young clergymen as well as working men; he had no gloves, and his boots were serviceable rather than neat. Yet one does not see in many young working men features so fine, eyes so steady, or a face so strong. Moreover, the ordinary working man very seldom shows a beard so long and silky as that which adorned this young man. He was an extremely handsome man, tall and well-proportioned, with the beauty of an Arab rather than that of an Anglo-Saxon. Such a type as his would be impossible in a young man of English descent. When in your walks abroad you pass such a young man you marvel, even considering the Unexpectedness of the streets: then, if you are a person of travel and information, you begin to think of a street in a Spanish city-narrow, with lofty houses, windows with balconies, women leaning over the balconies, bits of bright colour in the hangings, old coats-of-arms carved on the fronts, and people down below showing just such faces. Then the word Sephardim comes back to your memory. This face, you say, belongs to the Children of the Dispersion: they were in Spain long before the legions of Titus completed that Scattering: they are of the ancient people, whose lineage is so long that, compared with them, the Bourbons are mushrooms and the Hapsburgs are of yesterday.

In this face was something of the eagle, the nose was narrow and slightly aquiline, the nostrils were finely cut and delicate, the eyes keen and clear, deep-set, under straight and well-marked eyebrows, and in colour blue as the finest steel of Damascus; the lips were firm, the mouth finely curved; there was a rich, deep colouring of the cheek; the forehead was broad and white, the clustering hair was chestnut; the sun had touched that face with a glow which lingered on it. Surely the Rabbi Akiba, or Gamaliel, or even Onkelos himself, must have had such a face. Surely this was the face which belonged to the illustrious Maccabæan house. Surely this was the face at sight of which Joshua's enemies turned and fled. Such a face is best seen with a turban and a long flowing robe of silk, beneath which hangs by a crimson sash the scimitar: then such a face might serve for a portrait of Mohammed. Or, if you give it a kufeeyeh, and clothe the figure in a sheepskin, tied round the waist with a leather belt, it may serve for the Prophet Elisha when he was still young and had just received the cloak of his Master and Forerunner. Such a face, with such an expression, and accompanied or set off by a modern English dress, not of very grand appearance, appears incongruous, yet it is always striking and always handsome.

The girl—to repeat, she was little more—half rose from her chair; she was sitting at the other end of the long room at an open window looking out upon a West-End square; it was June, and the fragrance of lime-blossoms filled the room. She half rose and sank back, her colour changing to white; she gasped; she caught her breath.

The man still stood in the doorway, silent. His colour did not change; his eyes showed no other emotion than that of steady purpose, a self-governed look which was always in them.

Then the girl mastered herself.

"I expected you," she repeated. "You said that you would come back after a year; that you would give me a year to consider."

"You have had a year, and I have returned; it is a year this evening since we parted, and a year and a month since we were married."

"I am ready to talk to you, Emanuel."

She rose, swept back the long train of her evening dress with a practised hand, like a princess on the stage, and advanced to meet him. He closed the door, and walked into the room. About the middle of the floor both stopped, as if they were two sovereigns meeting on opposite sides of the frontier. There was no greeting, there was no kiss of man and wife, there was no hand-grasp. They were man and wife parted, as yet unreconciled. They stood face to face with three feet of carpet between them: they stood in silence for a space. The man's eyes were steady, commanding; the woman beneath his gaze quailed for a moment. But she recovered immediately, and returned his look—defiant, rebellious. The attitude of the pair, the eyes of the man and of the woman, revealed the situation without a word. There was the man who would be Master, there was the woman who refused to obey. That was all. Yet it was a situation which demanded many words.

She was quite young, not more than two-and-twenty; she was dressed for the evening as few women of her age dare to dress. It was, to begin with, the dress of a grande dame; now it is only a grande dame de par le monde, so accepted by the world, who can venture, at twenty-two, to wear a dress which asserts position, claims authority, and commands respect. The ordinary girl of that age, even though she is a princess or a Parisian, is generally content to look lovely; she does not care about

anything else. Rank and authority belong to the forties, the fifties, the sixties. At twenty-two, even when one is married, and, therefore, presumably, no longer desires admiration, to be beautiful is enough. Apparently it was not enough for this girl. Perhaps she had a reason for magnificence on this night; she was dressed suitably. It was a great occasion-it was a turning point. In such a crimson velvet, with such lace, with such rubies and pearls, with such gold chains, a Queen might be dressed-say, perhaps, the Queen of a halfcivilised state, the Queen of Armenia, the Queen of Roumania, the Queen of Servia, the Queen of Abyssinia, the Queen of Candia, Cyprus, or Rhodes. This woman, by no means a Queen, chose to dress in this manner-first, because she liked magnificence of all kinds, in dress, in furniture, in art, in carriages, in horses; next, because she was born to great wealth, and it was natural to her to wear things rich and splendid; and lastly, because she hoped to bring her husband to submission by the beauty which he loved adorned-all men love beauty best adorned—as becomes great beauty.

She was dressed like a Queen, she looked like a Queen; but it was a Queen defiant, rebellious—a Queen going forth to war.

Her face was of the Oriental type, with which of late years we have become somewhat familiar. Formerly it was rarely seen, except occasionally at the theatre. Now we see it everywhere—in the stalls, at private views, on the stage, in



With a fine gesture, she renounced the religion of her people.

studios, at concerts, at public functions. There are as many Oriental as Occidental types. This girl was not possessed of the almond eyes, black, long, soft, and languishing, which poets used to associate with the East: she could not be painted as Leila, or the Favourite of the Harem, or anything of that kind; nor was her complexion olive; nor had she a mass of black hair. On the contrary, her eyes were brown, clear and cold and keen; to-night there was no languishing in them and no tenderness; her features were finely, clearly cut, the curve of her lips well defined, her mouth full, firm-even hard—her nose somewhat aquiline, her forehead more square than seems to some consistent with perfect beauty; her hair, brown, abundant, was rolled up and round her head, confined by a ribbon or band in which gleamed small gold coins; her face was pale, but not anæmic; nor had it that morbid pallor which belongs to low vitality, and causes healthy men to shudder and turn aside. It was pale as certain artful hues of satin are pale, with a faint touch of colour to lend it warmth.

Moreover, this evening there lay on either cheek a red and flaming spot.

"You are my husband," she said. "I am, I suppose, Madame, or Mistress, or the Señora Elveda. I must wear my husband's name. I am the wife of Emanuel Elveda, scholar, chemist, philosopher, man of many ideas."

"I am your husband, Isabel."

"Emanuel Elveda," she went on, "is a man of ancient lineage, as well as a man of intellect. His ancestry is far more ancient than that of any Christian family, even the Bourbons, can boast. In Spain his people pretended for generations to conform to the modern faith; they were ennobled. He is the Conde Elveda if he chooses to bear the title; but when I met my husband he was plain Emanuel Elveda. His family had lost their lands and their wealth; they had abandoned their rank; they had returned openly to their old faith. He was poor and proud.'

"I am still your husband, Isabel," he repeated.

"I have said this, Emanuel, to show that I recognise your great qualities. This makes my rebellion the more daring, does it not? You remind me that you are still my husband. Does that mean still that you demand my submission?"

"It does."

"Then-if I still refuse?"

"A wife is not a servant or a slave."

"If you make her a slave, what matter for a name?"

"If you are my wife, obey your husband."

"I have reflected, as you wished me to do. I hoped that you would also reflect and come back open to reason. My position is exactly the same as it was last year: my opinions are the same: my resolution is unaltered."

" And mine."

"Will you give me a bill of divorce?"

"I will not."

"You have the right by the law of our People, if not by the law of the land. When did the law of the land override the law of our People? You may divorce your wife, because you are a man and she is a woman, for any cause that you please or for no cause; a notary will draw up the bill of divorce, the Rabbis will witness it. There is good and sufficient cause. Let me go."

"I will not let you go."
"Emanuel!" — she joined her

hands and spoke earnestly—"if you ever loved me, or thought you loved me, by the memory of that time let me go. I will never, never, never again be your wife or any man's wife. Henceforth I will be free. Give me—that is give yourself—freedom; say to me in the language of the People and in the words of the Law: 'I put thee away, I dismiss and divorce thee; from this time thou art in thine own power; thou mayest be married to any other man whom thou pleasest; let no man hinder thee in any name from this day

forward and for ever, and Lo! thou art free to any man.'"
"No-I will not seek a bill of divorce."

"I am grieved on your account, Emanuel. All your life you will be bound to a woman who will refuse to live with you and to take care of you. Yet you want a wife more than most men, because you are helpless in many things. Take pity on yourself and release yourself."

"No, you are my wife; I am your husband. I will not surrender my wife, even though, she repudiate her husband all her life. I will not cast upon her name the shadow and odium of a diverse?"

The wife sighed. "I have done my best, Emanuel. It is for your sake that I ask it. For my own, as I go my own way henceforth, I am indifferent."

"Is there more to say?"

"No -and yet—we are going to part again. Perhaps we

shall never meet again. You will hear of me, probably, as doing things you do not approve. There are certain things that I would say before you go—things that—that—well, I would that you should think of me as kindly as you can. Believe me, Emanuel, if there was any man whom I could own as lord and master it is you. Believe me, no other man will win love from me"——

"I believe it. You are Isabel."

She sat down, taking a chair beside her near the frontier. He took another. There was still the space of three feet between them; the chairs faced opposite ways, and they sat one looking east and the other west. The wife turned her head and rested it upon her hand; but the husband sat without looking round. Perhaps, in spite of his fixed purpose he feared to look too long upon her face.

"Woman, in your eyes," she began, "is an inferior creature."

"She fills her place in the Divine Order; she can fill no

angered me with your calm, cold words. 'Obey your husband,' you said. 'Obey your husband,' you repeated. I would not obey my husband, but to tell you of my resolution—my rebellion—was harder than you would think possible. Forgive those words, Emanuel.''

"Does the sky ask to be forgiven for its sudden storms? There needs no forgiveness."

"Because, I suppose, a woman's words are worth so little," she replied with a laugh. "A wise man, a learned man, like you, why should you regard any quick words of mine? Nevertheless, the refusal, I say, cost me more than you would think, if a woman's emotions are worth thinking about."

"A woman's emotions? All the world hangs daily upon a woman's emotions. Frankly, Isabel, your words are long since forgiven. Truly, I understood that before you—you—of your great and noble heart—could say such things you must have been very deeply moved. That is gone and forgotten. Let us go on. You have more to say before we part again."

"I should like you to understand, if you can. The weak point in such men as you is that you wrap yourself up in your cloak of tradition—of superstition—of so-called certainty—and refuse to listen. You are like the Catholic priest who says, 'We have the Truth Absolute,' and so refuses so much as to reason on things. In fact, beyond certainty one cannot go."

"That is so. Some things are certain—for instance, the relations of the Woman to the Man."

"You make it still harder for me to confess-or to explain-my position. However, you know how a girl of our People is brought up. When she is born there are no rejoicings. No one hopes or expects anything of her. She steals into the world in silence. When her brother is born there are great rejoicings even in the poorest house. When the boy arrives at thirteen years and a half he is called a Son of the Commandment, and is required to observe the six hundred and thirteen precepts which form the Law. What has the girl to learn ?."

"She learns to bless the Sabbath bread; the lights the candles on the eve of the Sabbath, and repeats the prayer. These are all her duties."

"This is the Divine Order, in short—that the men shall learn everything, do everything, and be responsible. For the woman"——"There is obedience. This is the

whole of the Law for Woman."

"So I was brought up-I, with my intellect, my gifts-the heiress of this great fortune. I saw, being a girl of perception, that everything desirable goes to Man-the wealth, the honours, the position, the authority, the learning. At first I acquiesced. My women told me that it was so, and could not be otherwise. If things cannot be otherwise, it is foolish to repine. I saw from my infancy all the women submissive and unquestioning-all meek and obedient servants to the men. It could not be otherwise, of course. To be the slaves of such men as one sees-oh!-horrible! So, I say, I made no inquiry into the matter at all. Among our people religion orders this submission. Presently I went into the outer world, where there was a freer air. I heard things said which made me think. There were girls who proposed independence as their right: there were some who had gained their independence. There

girls who proposed independence as their right: there were some who had gained their independence. There were whispers, murmurs; at last voices with clear utterances. And I found that there had been women—were still women—who could do all that men could do—ay! as well. I myself have done as well as any man of my own age, and better—far better—than most. What is this new thing in the world? Nothing short of the great discovery that, given the pick of women, they can meet on equal terms the pick of men: yes, in any science, in scholarship, in anything not requiring your strength of muscle, the woman is as good as the man. I claim no superiority, as others do—equality alone satisfies me."

"Yet it is not so."

"Why?"

"First of all, because the Divine Order—say, if you please, Nature—has ruled it otherwise."

"Again"—with a gesture of impatience—"the Divine Order! Now listen. I looked about me, I considered, and I discovered that women are everywhere able to do work equal to that of the man and even better. They make anything they try to make; they write novels, poems, books; the magazines are filled with essays and papers written by women; the shops are kept by women: look at the administration of business houses by Frenchwomen! There are women artists"—

"All this," said her husband, "is quite true."

"Actresses, musicians—in a word, this very generation



She went out of the drawing-room and looked over the stairs into the hall below.

other place; if she tries there follow discords, rebellions, evils of all kinds."

"Oh! Divine Order—Divine Order!" she repeated impatiently. "But what else could I expect? It is the old, old jargon—the jargon of the Rabbis. When shall we have done with it? When will you step outside of it, Emanuel—you—a wise man—you—a scholar—you—a genius—you—when will you step out of the darkness?"

He shook his head. "The light," he said, "lies along the path following the Divine Order."

"My former friend—my pretended Master—it is nothing to me what the men of old said. I own nothing but the present; I see nothing but what is around me; I follow nothing but the way pointed out by living men. Go back to your dead past, if you will. Leave me to the actual present."

Again he shook his head. "It is the way of blindness," he said.

"When we parted last," she went on, "we had little time for explanation. You insisted; I refused. You still insisted; I refused with rage and with bitter words. I have repented of those words, Emanuel, but not of the refusal which you call discord and rebellion. That was too sacred a thing to be profaned by any hard words. But I was a rebel, and rebels are too often intemperate in speech and action. Besides, you

effectually gives the lie, once for all, to the inferiority of

"You think so?"

"I think so. What Nature disproves when the experiment is once made can no longer be maintained as a theory."

"That is true. Has Nature disproved what the experience of the ages proves? One or two girls have passed examinations as well as the boys. They have even shown promise. Where is the performance? Where is the reversal of Nature's laws? Where is still the leading?"

"I say no more about it. You wrap yourself in your cloak of the Truth Absolute. Let me go on. It was more difficult for me than for other women to clear my mind of superstition. We are always Orientals. It is almost an instinct with us to believe that woman is not only lower than man, but that she ought to be married-it is a shame for her not to be married. Unfortunately, while I had emancipated myself from the doctrine of inferiority, I had not thrown off the supposed necessity for marriage. I therefore looked about for a husband, a fit mate for myself. I would have no moneymaker; my own fortune was enough for a dozen families; I would not have an artist, because the artistic temperament is capricious. I wanted for my husband a scholar, a man of broad views, a man of generous instincts. I was still more limited in my choice because I would not marry outside the People. I found you."

Yes," said her husband, "you found me."

"That you were poor; that you would never make any money; that you were a man of books; that you would never go into society; that you would have none of the ordinary ambitions mattered nothing. I thought that you would go your way and that I should go mine. Perhaps our ways would lie together, side by side. Perhaps they would lie apart. I thought that a man of your powers would at once accept the position and concede equality."

"You should have put it forward as a condition of marriage before, not after."

"I ought to have done so. I was wrong."

"You would have found many men, I daresay, ignoble enough to take your hand on that or any other condition."

'I trusted too much to my reasoning powers—too much to your liberal mind."

"Examinations cannot change the laws of nature. Man is

"Let us talk no more, then." She rose—they both rose; they faced each other again. The man's face was hard and fixed; the woman's, softer now, her eyes suffused with tears. "Emanuel, one word more, and then, if you choose, thenyou can leave me."

"Say that word."

"I think that we may still be happy. Let there be no question as to mastery or of submission between us at all. The house will be managed without your advice: you can pursue your own studies in your own way. Leave me to my own way. Let me stand beside you unquestioned. Let me follow my own path, whether I climb beside you or above you, or whether I sink below you. Leave me free to act, free to speak, free to come and go as I please, as my reason and the purpose of my life may lead me. Hush! Don't speak yet—one moment! You know that I shall do nothing to bring any shade of dishonour upon your name, which will be an honoured name. Oh! There is no other man in the world to whom I would bumble myself so far as this. But for you—Emanuel! Look round you. This great house is yours; these servants are yours; the library is yours—everything is yours. I am your—your—equal. You shall sit in peace to work and meditate, with no care for your daily bread. We will walk together side by side. We will take counsel together. To be able to carry out your work, does not that tempt you? Only leave me—leave me free!"

"No," he said, "that is no marriage where the wife is suffered to go free. It is dishonour for the husband—it is disgraceful for the wife."

She sighed again. The man was inflexible. Had he but turned his head, had he but lifted his eyes, had he made the slightest gesture, she might have yielded to him. For in her heart she owned him for her Master; he was her Master in will, her Master in intellect, her Master in strength and purpose; in nobility and in generosity she had proved him her own Master. In one thing only she was his equal—in her pride.

He waited. Had she anything more to say? Say that word."

He waited. Had she anything more to say?
"You must go, then, Emanuel," she said sadly. "You will go out to your own life. I cannot bear to think that you may possibly be in want while I am so rich—so rich."
"I shall not starve."
"I shall not starve."

"I shall not starve."

"I know that you would die rather than take money from m; but, Emanuel, if you should be sick and suffering."—

"There are hospitals, and there are our own People."

"Not mine any longer. I give them up with my husband; I renounce the People, I belong to them no longer. Your old traditions, your jumble and jargon of ceremonies and superstitions, I will follow no longer. I throw them off!" With a fine gesture she renounced her People and her religion.

He shook his head. "You cannot renounce your People. Any other man or woman may renounce his race and enter another nation: you cannot. None of us may renounce our People: on our faces there is a mark set—the seal of the Lord—by which we know each other and are known by the world. Your People—you can no more change them than you

Lord—by which we know each other and are known by the world. Your People—you can no more change them than you can shake off that real and sign."

"You cannot, I suppose, make me obey the Law?"

"No, I cannot. Farewell, Isabel—still my wife. Live out your life in your own way. I shall not interfere. You will make many acquaintances but no friends. The only friends of life are those of childhood. As we are born so we live. You will lead a life of intellectual luxury, a life without love or children"—she smiled, but he did not observe it—"a joyless, loveless, childless, friendless life. When you tire of it send for mo and I will return to you."

He turned, and slowly walked out of the room.

When the door closed, his wife threw out her arms: it might have been a gesture of appeal, or of weakness, or of weath, or of impatience, or of all four. In spite of her boasted equality she was beaten: the man would concede nothing to her, not even her own freedom: he would make no compromise, he was going back to the world of poverty, he would work with his own hands: she knew his pride and his firmness: he would be Master or nothing.

She, for her part, would live in splendour and great wealth: while he—— But she would be his equal or the would not be his wife.

She went out of the drawing-room and looked over the

stairs into the hall below.

Her husband walked slowly down the stairs and across the hall, turning his head neither to the right nor to the left. He opened the street-door and went out, shutting it beloid him.

The wife sighed again. When she turned she found a little

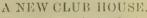
her husband. He is the Master: woman must obey.

written. We are so made. It is the Lord's own doing."

There fell upon their ears the sound of an infant's cry—it is a feeble cry, but it can be heard over the whole of a great house.

"The child, Melkah, the child! Oh! I did not tell him—I took care not to tell him. He does not know that he has a

I took care not to tell him. He does not know that he has a child, a child of the submissive sex, the obedient sex. He never shall know. A loveless, childless, joyless life he said I should lead. Shall I! He does not know; he never shall know. Let us run to the child, Melkah. I come, my sweet!" She cried aloud, as if the infant of three mouths could understand but months could understand, but mothers are so. "I come, my darling! Mother comes!" (To be continued.)



The members of the Junior Constitutional Club may well glow with honest pride at the compliments universally stowed upon their splendid home in Piccadilly. Overlook-ing the Green Park, the bay windows command a fine view. Lord Randolph Churchill has popularised the phrase which best describes the interior of this palatial building; the impression of it all is summed up in the word "solidarity." All that good taste and Messrs. Maple and Co. could do has been accomplished in this latestarrival in Clubland. The Marquis of Carabas would be charmed with its appoint-ments, and even critical Major Joseph Bagstock would have to praise the excellent arrangements for members' con-venience which distinguish the Junior Constitutional. The latter gentleman could also carry out his sternly expressed determination that "where I dine I sleep," for three floors of bed-rooms are to be found here. These are admirably furnished. as, indeed, are all the rooms in the club, by the world-famous firm in Tottenham Court Road. The architect is Colonel R. W. Edis, F.S.A., and certainly his plans and designs show no less originality than successful coping with all the requirements of a great club. Take, for example, the very fine diningexample, the very fine dining-room, nearly one hundred feet

long, where a spacious adjunct is a strangers' dining-room. Then, appropriately enough, we have the handsome smoking-room communicating with a large billiard-room, wherein the room communicating with a large billiard-room, wherein the rival claims of tables by Burroughes and Watts and Thurston may be decided. In the smoking-room, we may mention, is an important canvas by Castiglione, entitled "Resting for the Night." This was presented to the club by Mr. John Maple, while another picture in this room is the gift of Mr. Massey-Mainwaring. One of the most delightful rooms in the building is the library, furnished with walnut—an agreeable contrast to the mahogany of other rooms. We should recommend the club to reprint the sentences used by the Prime Minister on the occasion of the opening of the Library at the National Liberal Club, in which he spoke of the silent appeal of the empty shelves. Already, however, some contributions have been made to the literary contents of this fine apartment. There is also a "smoking library" to meet (as the conrecous secretary remarked) the necessity of those who are not allowed to smoke in the library, and who cannot read in the smoking-room. We are not surprised to hear that already the total number of members is rapidly approaching five thousand.



THE JUNIOR CONSTITUTIONAL CLUB.

old woman-not really old, but she looked old-with brown skin and wrinkled face, beside her.
"Melkah," she said, "I am beautiful, am I not?"

"There is no woman in the world so beautiful. "And I am dressed as a beautiful woman should?"
"The Queen of Sheba could not be better dressed."

"The Queen of Sheba could not be better dressed."

"He is made of stone, Melkah. I put on my best to welcome and to move him. If ever I was attractive in the eyes of man it was to-night. I looked in the glass and saw that I was very beautiful. I thought that his stubborn will would give way at sight of this my beauty. Oh! I am ashamed, because I hoped to conquer—not through my reason or for the justice of my case, but through his weakness. But he has no weakness. He loved me once; he is a man made for love. If I had been the king's favourite decking myself out by order of the king I could not have looked more beautiful. But he is made of stone. His eyes never softened, his cheek never flushed; yet I know him, I know him. Oh! at a word, if I had but spoken that word—if I had but yielded—there would have been softening enough. It is not that he now scorns what once he loved. Oh! no—no—no—I am not jealous of Emanuel. No other woman could ever be to him what I have been. No—no—I am not

Emanuel. No other woman of been, No—no—I am not jealous."

"Yet man is man," said the old woman. "And he is your husband."

"If not even my beauty could move him—oh! I know—wealth, case, luxury have no charms for him. You cannot tempt him with You cannot tempt him with the common things. And I humiliated myself to trying the only thing—the weapon of every woman—my own beauty. I paraded myself beauty. I before his before his eyes. ashamed, Melkah."

"If a woman cannot persuade by sweet looks and sweet voice, how shall she prevail? And he is your husband."

"No Melkah he is my

Melkah, husband no more. He would be Master—that or nothing. Master! — my Master be Master—that or nothing.

Master! — my Master —
mine!" She laughed bitterly. "I am to obey him in
all things; to ask his will;
to beg his permission. He
would be Master or nothing.
Then let him be nothing.
Let him return to the poverty
where I found him. My
Master?—mine? No, Melkah, no!"

"Yet he is a man. And
it is the nature of a man to
be Master."

"It is best that we should

"It is best that we should part. There shall be no question who is Master of myself."
"Nay," said the old woman, "a wife is best with



SMOKING ROOM AT THE JUNIOR CONSTITUTIONAL CLUB.



A WINTER'S TALE.

DYNAMITE MANUFACTURE AT ISLETEN, NEAR FLUELEN, SWITZERLAND.



FILLING CARTRIDGES WITH DYNAMITE POWDER.



PACKING THE CARTRIDGES INTO BOXES,

A ROMANTIC HYPOTHESIS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

When the Spanish missionaries arrived in Mexico, shortly after the conquest of that country by Cortes, nothing puzzled them more than the religion of the Aztees. Indeed, there is no greater puzzle in the whole history of religion. The ritual was the most ferocious ever known; the number of human victims offered yearly is calculated at from twenty to sixty thousand. The heart of the living sacrifice was torn from the breast and held up before the god. Dressed in the flayed skin of the victim, the priest performed his abominable rites. This was the most conspicuous feature in the worship; but human sacrifices are known elsewhere. Elsewhere, too, the celebrant wears the skin of the animal sacrificed, and a mystic system identifies first the victim and then the priest with the god. The puzzle did not lie in these facts, but in the analogies between the Aztec and the Catholic faith. This Aztec cult had a system of moral injunctions and of prayers which comes much nearer, in ideas and expressions, to the precepts of the Gospel than do any moralities of Buddhism or of the Vedic hymns. The prayers collected from Aztec manuscripts, and from memory, by Sahagun are proofs of this elevation of thought and purity of moral aspiration. Gods in hideous forms, gods whose shrines recked with human gore, were propitiated in language the most devout and majestic. The Creator is "the God by whom we live," "who knows all thoughts, and gives all gifts," "invisible, incorporeal, one God, of perfect perfection and purity."

blot us out, O Lord, for ever: is this punishment intended for our destruction, not our reformation? Impart to us, out of thy great mercy, thy gifts, which we are not worthy to receive through our own merits." In morality we have the extraordinary parallel to Christian teaching "He who looks too curiously on a woman has already committed adultery with his eyes." But the astonishing merits of the inner religion among these cannibals can only be estimated by a reader of Sahagun.

It is not inconceivable, though it is strange, that two currents of religious thought should thus run together, the ethical and the mythical or ritual stream. But the ritual had also its Christian analogies. Baptism was practised, the lips and bosom of the infant were sprinkled with water, and "the Lord was implored to permit the holy drops to wash away the sin that was given to it before the foundation of the world; so that the child might be born anew (Prescott). There is a kind of baptism among the heathen Maoris, but nothing so Christian in intention as the Aztec rite. A more painful topic is the Communion. The human victim, in some cases, was the god. With his blood cakes were kneaded and eaten; the believers thus incorporating the divine essence with their own. Among some savage peoples, where a beast is totem, he is solemnly partaken of once a year; but the form of the Aztec rite was calculated to impress the Spanish missionaries as a diabolical parody of

their own sacrament. The Aztees also practised confession and penance. "The secrets of the confessional were held inviolable, and penances were imposed of much the same kind as those enjoined in the Roman Catholic Church." But the wily Aztec only confessed in old age, when he had not many chances of sinning again; for the

repetition of an offence was inexpiable.

The Catholic clergy were not likely to attribute these analogies to the mere working of human nature. They found the Aztees worshipping a god called Quetzalcoatl. He was a white man, bearded, who had come mysteriously, and taught agriculture and the use of the metals. On account of some quarrel with the native gods, he had departed, sailing in his barque of serpent-skins for some unknown land, but promising to return again to his people. As is well known, the Spaniards, white, bearded men, were taken at first for the children of Quetzalcoatl. The awe which filled Montezuma on their arrival greatly contributed to the success of Cortes. An explanation was found in an assumed voyage of St. Thomas among the Aztees: the saint would have taught elements of Christianity, afterwards hideously travestied by the Aztees.

St. Thomas is out of the question; but is there no historical character, a white, bearded man, who may really have left traces of Christianity in Mexico? The following theory is not, perhaps, to be taken seriously; it is rather a suggestion of romance. Greenland was discovered, at the very close of the century, by an Iceland outlaw—Eric the Red. His son, Leif the Lucky, discovered "Vineland the Good" about 1000; he also introduced Christianity into Greenland. Two or three years later, Karlsefni, following the path of Leif the Lucky, actually settled for a winter in Vineland. His little colony was attacked by the Skraelings, Eskimo or Red Indians, and finally he found

it best to return to Iceland. The exact point of his settlement is disputed. Various sites have been selected between Labrador and New England. Thereafter Vineland the Good becomes a legendary land, mixed up with medieval fables.

There is, however, one entry in the Icelandic annals which shows that Vineland was not wholly forgotten. Under the year 1121 we read, "Bishop Eric Uppsi sought Vineland." In a later set of annals, written before 1395, we read, "In 1121 Eric, Bishop of Greenland, went in search of Vineland." We hear no more of Bishop Eric. No record speaks of his home-coming, none declares that he was lost with his company. In 1124 a new bishop, Arnold, was ordained in Greenland. Perhaps they were weary of waiting for Eric. Was Bishop Eric Uppsi Quetzalcoatl?

This is my agreeably romantic hypothesis. That the Aztees should have been familiar with the white, bearded divine man, a teacher, is hardly to be explained except on the hypothesis of an accurate tradition. Men make the gods in known images of man or beast; they do not invent a kind of man which happens really to exist beyond the scope of their experience. Let us imagine, then, that Eric found Vineland, or some other part of the American coast; that he avoided the enmity of the Skraelings; that he and his company fell in with a great barbaric tribe, not yet, perhaps, settled in Anahuae; that he instructed them in the use of such metals as the soil yielded, and that he imparted to them the elements of Christian morality, including even the very words almost of some divine



SWISS DYNAMITE MANUFACTURE AT ISLETEN: MOULDING EXPLOSIVE GUM CARTRIDGES.

sayings and of the Psalms. Baptism he would inevitably introduce. As for the other rite, that, too, he may have communicated to them. But nothing was so certain as that Eric—Quetzalcoatl—would quarrel with the other gods, as Quetzalcoatl does in the legend. Then his heart would turn homewards to the northern isle across the sea, and he would depart, promising to return. But he never came again, and in the process of more than four centuries his ritual would be fearfully deprayed. But he was not forgotten, and in the white, bearded Spaniards the Aztees recognised the children of Quetzalcoatl.

Lord Randolph Churchill has returned from Monte Carlo, and spent his Christmas in Ireland as the guest of Lord Justice FitzGibbon, who has annually entertained the member for Paddington at this season of the year. Lady Randolph Churchill is now convalescent, and has left London for change of air.

Two new pictures by Mr. Burne-Jones have just been presented to St. Peter's, Vere Street. The altar-piece, which is by the same great artist, was given by disciples of the late F. D. Maurice, in memory of their master. Among the foremost of these was the late Charles Bland Radeliffe, M.D., and the two new pictures are a memorial of him. They stand on each side of the altar-piece, forming a magnificent triptych, and are the tribute of a wife's devotion and of the artist's ardent friendship. The subject of the pictures is the Annunciation. They are of rare beauty, and prove that religious art worthy of the great days of Italian painting can still be produced among us. The east window is from a cartoon by Mr. Burne-Jones, and the whole east end of the church is now a monument of his genius.

THE SWISS DYNAMITE CARTRIDGE FACTORY AT ISLETEN.

The manufacture of dynamite for beneficial use in mining and engineering work, as well as for military purposes, is carried on largely in almost every country of Europe. France has three notable factories-namely, at Ablon, near Honfleur, on the Seine estuary; at Paulilles, near Port-Vendres, in the south of France; and at Cugny, not far from Moret, in the Department of the Seine-et-Marne: these establishments produce yearly over twenty-five millions of dynamite cartridges. One of the earliest that were set in operation is that founded in Switzerland twenty years ago by M. Xavier Bender, at the instance of the late M. Louis Favre, the chief engineer of the St. Gothard railway tunnel, to provide the powerful instrument which modern science has invented for penetrating mountains of granite and other hard rock with a facility and economy of labour that could not have been imagined in former ages. A visit to this factory, which is situated at Isleten, at the lower end of the Isenthal, in the vicinity of Fluelen, the port on the Lake of Uri so well known to many English tourists, would not be uninteresting; but the favour of admission to inspect the processes is seldom granted without a special recommendation. The mechanical operations, however, do not appear to be very complicated, and are mostly performed by Swiss women and girls with the aid of simple machines worked by hand on the tables.' We have nothing here to say of the chemical composition of that variety of the explosive substance

which bears the name of its Swedish inventor, Mr. Nobel, and which is employed in similar manufactures at several places in different countries of Europe, in Great Britain as well as in France, Germany, and Russia. Dynamite, as most persons are now aware, is a powder which can be made into cakes, or may be converted into a sticky paste called "explosive gum," or be enveloped in cases of paper or pasteboard or metal to form cartridges, which are commonly used in blasting rocks or mineral ores, by inserting them in the holes bored with a drill. This powder, containing a certain desiceated mixture of three liquid ingredients, nitric acid, sulphuric acid, and glycerine, with a silicious granular substance, is an explosive very much stronger than gunpowder, but looks rather innocent, being of a light brownish yellow colour, not unlike pale cocoa. The "explosive gum" is, we believe, a sort of paste composed of pure nitro-glycerine and gun-cotton, more highly charged with nitrate. In dealing with the former, as shown in the first of our Illustrations, three women are seated at a table, upon which is the apparatus. made of bronze, worked by the vertical handle which the woman sitting on the right hand of her companions is holding; this movement causes the dynamite powder to be lifted and pushed forward out of the reservoir at the opposite side of the table, and forces it into a small cylinder, the diameter of which is that of the intended cartridge, usually from twenty-two to twenty-five millimètres,

or—somewhat loss than an inch wide. As the compressed powder, which, being of an oily consistence, now assumes comparative solidity, issues from this tube or cylinder, in the shape of a sausage or of macaroni, it is cut by the woman on the left hand into equal lengths of about three inches. Each piece is then carefully taken up by the woman sitting in the middle, who wraps it in oiled cartridge-paper, which she fastens, closing both ends and covering it, to exclude wet: the tremendous little instrument is now complete. In the other Illustration, on this page, four women are engaged with the hand-mill for making the paste or "explosive gun" cartridges. This machine emits two solid lengths of the material simultaneously, which are cut up, wrapped and fastened in the cartridge-cases, and fetched away to be packed in boxes for commercial distribution.

The fabrication of the dynamite stuff itself, also performed at the Isleten factory, must be noticed only with regard to the external aspects of its apparatus and the human operators, steady and careful men, whose work might be thought terribly dangerous, but custom and strict rule give them a sense of ordinary safety. In a large upright revolving cylinder of lead, cooled by a series of surrounding cold-water pipes, the acids and the glycerine are thoroughly mixed, being admitted in due proportions by other pipes from above. The compound liquid, yellowish oily matter, is conveyed to the kneadingpans in another apartment, where two men, like the assistants of a baker or confectioner making dough for bread or pastry, with bare hands and arms work it up in a mass of some farinaceous meal, with the addition of fine silicious sand. The liquid is readily absorbed by the granular solid, which being dried by the air at a moderate equable temperature becomes perfect dynamite powder.

LITERATURE.

THE ART OF JAPAN.

Japan and its Art. By Marcus B. Huish. A new and enlarged edition. (The Fine Art Society.)—Our knowledge of the art of the "great august country," as Japan is termed by its oldest poets, increases so rapidly each year



EXORCISING AN ONI. AFTER HOKUSAI. From "Japan and its Art."

that a new edition of a work originally published four years ago is not a mere reprint. In the interval a good deal has been learned by our increased intercourse with the people of that remarkable country, and a good deal from the journeyings and wanderings of European travellers and artists. Mr. Huish has done well, therefore, in bring-ing down to date the varied stock of information he posing down to date the varied stock of information he possesses; and for those who meditate entering upon the dangerous career of a connoisseur in Japanese work a more trustworthy guide cannot be found. Mr. Huish unites the caution of an expert with the enthusiasm of an artist, and while he can describe the beauties of netsukes, lacquer, cloisonné, and metal work, and dilate on the varieties of pottery and porcelain, and on the methods of xylography, he is careful to warn collectors against the pitfalls which have been so astutely dug for them.

Not the least valuable portion of this volume, however, is that which appeals to the ordinary reader by a succinct and readable sketch of the early history of Japan, its physical aspect and its religious development. The connections between the legendary history of a people and its

nections between the legendary history of a people and its art is too obvious to require proof; but in Japan the reacart is too obvious to require proof; but in Japan the reaction of the art upon the religion of the country is an interesting feature. When Japanese art first began to assert itself there is no solid ground to decide, but Mr. Huish gives a facsimile drawing of some lacquer work, assigned to the seventh century, in which the sense of grace and beauty is very strongly marked. How this has been fostered through succeeding centuries the illustrations in this volume show, and from them we have selected two or three of the most typical.

HYTHE AND THE SCHOOL OF MUSKETRY.

The School of Musketry at Hythe. By W. S. Miller. (W. Clowes and Sons.)—Besides an accurate special treatise upon one of the most important British military institutions, there is an interesting study of topography and local antiquities in the introductory part of Mr. Miller's attractive and useful work. Any visitor to Folkestone or its



EBISU. FROM A SWORD-GUARD. (GILBERTSON COLLECTION.) From "Japan and its Art."

neighbourhood with a day to spare will find it both pleasant and instructive to carry this elegant volume, which is adorned with three beautiful little maps and numerous other illustrations, finely reproduced from the author's

photographs, a few miles westward to Hythe. He may thence explore the ancient and the latter outlets of the river Rother—namely, the Roman Lemanæ, or Lymne; also Romney, to which that river was diverted by the construction of the Rhee Wall; and, farther west, the old estuary that made Rye and Winchelsea, in past ages, considerable maritime ports. Nowhere else on the English coast is there a better example of the effects of such changes in the flow of waters through of the effects of such changes in the flow of waters through low-lying lands as have repeatedly transformed whole provinces of Holland and Belgium, causing the rise and decline, by turns, of rich and famous cities. As a guide to provinces of Holland and Belgium, causing the rise and decline, by turns, of rich and famous cities. As a guide to the survey of this fascinating problem, Mr. Miller's concise description, within less than a dozen pages, should gratify the scholarly taste of students of history and that of lovers of the seashore. But the main subject of this treatise is one of much practical importance to officers of the Army, the Militia, and the Volunteers, also to many non-commissioned officers of these forces who receive musketry instruction at the great establishment founded in 1854. The buildings at Hythe now occupied by the School of Musketry had, during half a century, belonged to the Royal Staff Corps, who constructed century, belonged to the Royal Staff Corps, who constructed the Royal Military Canal. About four hundred officers and seven hundred non-commissioned officers, sergeants and others, are instructed in the course of the year, and become qualified, with certificates after the regular examinabecome quained, with certificates after the regular examination, to act as regimental instructors; there are special courses for Volunteers. Five courses, each of six or seven weeks' duration, are held in the year. Mr. Miller describes the arrangement of parties, alternately divided into the "Out Wing" and the "In Wing," under a Captain Instructor and a Lieutenant Instructor, progressly respect into squads, under Sergeant-Instructors, engaged, respectively, in shooting on the ranges or in aiming-drill, range-finding, the use of the stadiometer, and judging distance; and, at the School, in the firing exercise, machine-gun drill, and learning the mechanism of the rifle. The illustrations showing every correct position of the rifleman are likely to be as useful as those of the scenery, the views of the ranges, the canal, Lymne and Hythe; and the exterior and interior of the buildings, with the mess-room, anteroom, lecture-room, and cricket-ground, are inviting and pleasing. This work is dedicated to the present Commandant, Colonel C. G. Slade, late of the Rifle Brigade.

A RUSSIAN HISTORICAL ROMANCE. The Terrible Czar. By Count A. K. Tolstoi. Translated by Captain II. Clare Filmore. Two vols. (Sampson Low

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mr. Swinburne has at last joined the poetic chorus in praise of the late Lord Tennyson. His verses, which appear in the Nineteenth Century under the title of "Threnody," do not reach the height attained by some of his memorial poems in the past, notably the "Ave atque Vale." Nevertheless, there is a certain freshness about the poem which has not been touched by any of the other singers, their happiest efforts being, after all, somewhat too reminiscent. It is, perhaps, hardly fair to quote more than one stanza from a poem for which the proprietors of the *Nineteenth Century* must have paid a very large sum of money, and which consists of only twenty-seven lines. We extract the following

So, when night for his eyes grew bright, his proud head pillowed on Shakespeare's breast,

Hand in hand with him, soon to stand where shine the glories that death loves best,

Passed the light of his face from sight, and sank sublimely to radiant rest.

Our readers will be glad to know that Mr. William Watson has so far recovered from his recent illness as to admit of his reappearance as a poet. The Daily Chronick of Jan. 2 publishes a poem by Mr. Watson entitled "A New Year's Prayer," from which we quote the first few lines. few lines-

In the blanched night, when all the world lay frore, And the cold moon, the passionless, looked down Commiscrating man the passion-curst-Man made in passion and by passion marred— Through the pale silence on the New Year's verge, This prayer fled forth, and trembled up to heaven:-

"O Thou whose homestead is eternity; Who seest the hunger and the toil of men, And how the love of life and wife and babe Is brother of hate and sire of deeds of death: Give peace-give peace: peace in our time, O Lord!"

Mr. George Meredith has almost finished his new novel, the title of which is to be "The Amazing Lover." If we are not mistaken, the effort will be pronounced one of Mr. Meredith's most brilliant achievements, taking rank at once with "Diana of the Crossways" and "Richard Feveril." both of which appealed to a larger constituency than "One of



AN EAGLE. BY BAIRON. (AUTHOR'S COLLECTION.) From " Japan and its Art."

and Co.)—The author of this powerful story, who died in 1875, was a trusted member of the Government adminis-1875, was a trusted member of the Government administration in the reign of Alexander II.; and his literary works, though far less widely known than those of Count Leo Tolstoi, are still held in esteem. The Russian history of the sixteenth century, especially at the period when the Grand Dukes of Moscow began to wear the imperial title of Czar, presents many wild acts of cruelty and of unchecked tyranny, especially in the frantic career of the notorious Ivan IV. Count Alexis Tolstoi's stirring and exciting narrative, though as much a fiction as Sir Walter Scott's novels, is partly founded a fiction as Sir Walter Scott's novels, is partly founded on some facts which took place from 1565 to 1570, transposing their dates and putting them into combination with the purely imaginary scenes and persons of the tale. In his descriptions of the manners of the Czar's Court, the domestic life of wealthy nobles, the habits of the peasantry, the religious observances, and the social customs of the people, as they were three hundred years ago, this author is probably as much to be relied upon as any historical novelist. It is a dreadful nicture of the orgies of larbaric despotism, that he has picture of the orgies of barbaric despotism that he has drawn, in which the predominating agency for evil, under the deadly inisrule of the almost insane Czar, is a band of ruthless licensed malefactors, called the Opritchniki, ever ready to slaughter, ravage, plunder, and indulge in the most savage excesses, either by Ivan's direct orders or with the expectation of his approval, when his suspiciousness or vindictiveness was aroused, even against loyal and honest subjects. A young Prince Nikita Seryebryany is the hero, involved in most perilous associations. This novel, having already passed into a second edition, must be considered to have fairly won success with English readers.

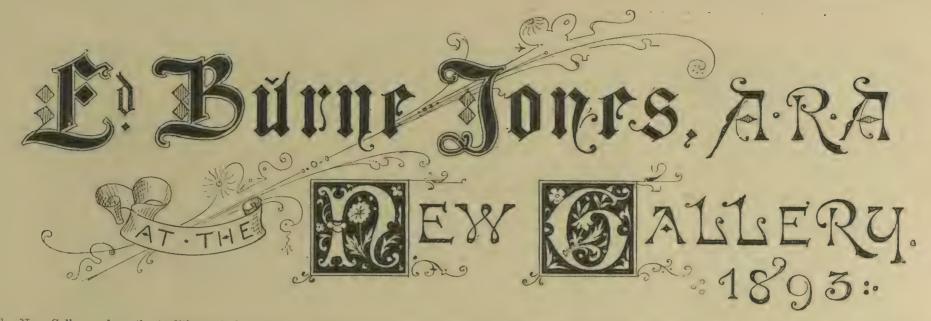
Our Conquerors." The novel, however, which we most keenly anticipate is "The Journalist," in which he is currently reported to have introduced Mr. Frederick Greenwood, Mr. John Morley, Mr. H. D. Traill, and Mr. W. T. Stead as character studies. It is curious that the one of our great writers who has been most reticent in his life and who has shrunk more than any other from publicity should have fallen, apparently, under the spell of the personal aspect in modern journalism. -But then, it may be remembered that in every one of his books characters more or less famous in con-temporary life are introduced. Beauchamp, it has been stated with some authority, is the counterpart of Admiral

Mr. Thomas Hardy-concerning whom, by-the-way, American correspondent circulated the absurd report that he was dangerously ill, whereas, on a recent visit to London he expressed himself as being in perfect health—is hard at work on another novel, which he thinks will celipse "Tess." Mr. Hardy is much concerned as to the final form of his story "The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved." As it appeared in our pages, its ending was of a somewhat sombre and pessimist character. The hero, Pearston, recovering from an attempted suicide, finds his wife has returned to him effect when the property and the latest the section of the person of the returned to him after many years as a wretched and haggard crone. The alternative endings of the story which have been suggested to Mr. Hardy include the presentation of the return of the wife as merely a dream, or the more conventional termination of the girl Avice the Third being softened by her husband's self-sacrifice and magnanimity, and his complete gain of her heart. Let us hope that the latter may finally be selected by Mr. Hardy as the conclusion of his story. K.



"THEY THAT GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SEPS, THAT DO BUSINESS IN GREAT WATERS,"





The New Gallery, where the traditions of the original Grosvenor Gallery have to some extent been preserved, was the most fitting spot for an exhibition of the works of an artist who owes his popularity (though nothing else) to the opportunities first afforded to him by Sir Coutts Lindsay. Up to that time Mr. Burne-Jones, although highly appreciated by those who had the means of

becoming acquainted with him, was practically unknown to the great majority of his fellow-countrymen. The Royal Academy would not or could not recognise his merits until popular outcry became so great that it was impossible for that body to ignore the claims of one who held a distinctive place in contemporary art, and was forming a school which attracted all true lovers of painting, even if unable to accept all Mr. Burne-Jones's special methods of work.

The collection of his pictures, now brought together for the first time, will, unless we are greatly mistaken, establish Mr. Burne-Jones in public favour and esteem. His mannerisms, especially in colour, will be recognised as part and parcel of his art, and the very absence of dramatic force, which is the leading characteristic of his work, becomes intelligible as one follows out by the help of this admirably arranged collection the development of his thought and art. The period covered by these pictures is not less than thirty years, and throughout that stretch of time we can trace the dominance of that morbidezza which, as in some Italian masters, was raised to the dignity of a cult; but by Mr. Burne-Jones this tendency is tempered by his refinement and, it may be added, by his thorough English feeling. Botticelli in the first instance, and then Luini, rather than Raffaelle, seem to have attracted him from the beginning, but in none of his works can it be said that he was an imitator or a plagiarist.

The present series starts from a time when Pre-Kaphaelitism was on the wane; and it is therefore interesting to observe that its influence is more apparent in the second stage of Mr. Burne-Jones's work (as, for instance, in "The Mercitul Knight," painted in 1863) than in the earlier specimen. Two years later he produced the "Chant d'Amour," which in the opinion of many has never been surpassed, even by the "Legend of the Briar Rose," of which, unfortunately, no panel is here exhibited. In the interval which separates these two great works, Mr. Burne - Jones's fancy was growing richer, his judgment riper, and his palette stronger. In "Venus's Mirror," the "Garden of Pan," and "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maiden"-to

mention a few only of the more important—we have the artist steadily increasing the range of his work, never, however, aiming at any dramatic expression of feeling, but content with a romantic treatment of classical myths or popular legends. It is, perhaps, this perpetual struggle between romantic and classical influences, as displayed in the numerous pictures hung round the walls of the

New Gallery, which excites and sustains our interest in Mr. Burne-Jones's work. He will interpret the myth or the legend in a way wholly original and often unexpected, but always in the same spirit. His imagination is essentially mediaval, and, although his hand shows a constantly increasing freedom from the traditions and formularies of his art, yet his mind seems to have the

faculty of crystallising its food by an absolutely fixed action.

To a large number of persons Mr. Burne-Jones is only known as the painter and interpreter (after his own manner) of Arthurian legends, classical allegories and stories, and Christian mysteries. He is, however, at times willing to descend to the more prosaic work of portrait-painting, but he gives his sitters the full benefit of his poetic feeling. The two studies of heads, Clara and Sidonia von Bork, although nominally connected with a story which when translated had considerable vogue in this country about thirty years ago, are obviously actual studies from life. And in the gallery which is hung with the studies for his larger works there are numerous instances of Mr. Burne-Jones's ways of dealing with real life. The most complete as a picture is the portrait of a young child, Miss Gertrude Lewis, into whose expressive face he throws a seriousness, not this time melancholic. almost out of keeping with her tender years.

There are further proofs in this exhibition of Mr. Burne-Jones's capabilities and many-sidedness. As a designer and decorator of furniture, as well as an illustrator of manuscripts and painter of fans, he can show work which will bear comparison not only with contemporary artists and craftsmen, but with some of those of the best period and of the most highly trained centres. The "Box of Pandora" is a triumph of delicate taste and skill, and the decoration of the larger Italian cassone, illustrating the "Garden of the Hesperides," shows that when working in gesso duro Mr. Burne-Jones can express his thoughts as fancifully and as delicately as with the paint-brush.

To estimate Mr. Burne-Jones's true place in English art would require time and space beyond our disposal. His art, although on one side showing the influence of Rossetti and on another the teachings of Mr. - William Morris, is essentially personal. He has little sympathy with the prose-poetry of Mr. Ford-Madox Brown, and less with the poetic prose of Sir John Millais. His steady perseverance in the pursuit of a somewhat hopeless ideal occasionally betrays him into monotony, but his remarkable qualities as a draughtsman, his true sense of decorative



"THE BEGUILING OF MERLIN."

MR. BURNE-JONES, A.R.A., AT THE NEW GALLERY.



"TEMPERANTIA."



"A WOOD NYMPH."

effect, and his refinement of imagination will ensure him a very distinct place in English art.

The specimens of Mr. Burne-Jones's work here reproduced illustrate the various phases of his art. Except in technical facility there is little to mark the passage of time. By degrees the strongly marked Italian surroundings which characterise the "Chant d'Amour" and "Mirror of Yenus" disappeared, and he trusted to his own decorative sense to complete his work. In such works as

One personal detail of Mr. Burne-Jones will not be out of place on this occasion. Almost his first attempt to obtain employment was in the pages of this Paper. Rossetti, who had always taken a great interest in him, obtained from the proprietors an order to reproduce in black and white Mr. Windus's "Burd Helen," a picture to which we referred on the occasion of the dispersal of the Leyland collection last summer. The order was never carried out, for Mr. Burne-Jones felt himself unequal or unwilling

by kind permission from Mr. Malcolm Bell's "Edward Burne-Jones: a Record and Review," just published by George Bell and Sons.



"LE CHANT D'AMOUR."

the "Wheel of Fortune" and the "Golden Stairs" we find that by the aid of his figures alone he is able to fill, almost to overcrowd, his space, but without in any way breaking the pure and regular lines of beauty which in each case make up the general design.

for a task which, if undertaken, would have modified somewhat his subsequent career.

The Illustrations of Mr. Burne-Jones's works that we present are from photographs by Mr. F. Hollyer, of Pembroke Square, Kensington, and they are reprinted



"THE GOLDEN STAIRS."

MR. BURNE-JONES, A.R.A., AT THE NEW GALLERY.







"THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE."



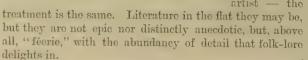
"THE MIRROR OF VENUS."

A GREAT ENGLISH PAINTER. .

Edward Burne-Jones: a Record and Review. By Malcolm Bell. (London: George Bell and Sons, 1893.) To write frankly of a contemporary is always a delicate task. So in such a book as this, when the story of a life—happily still in its prime—must needs be told with the omission of those piquant personal items which flavour most biographies, we are ready to accept anything short of uncritical adulation.

similar themes to recognise the British flavour in Mr. Burne-Jones. Millais's famous "Beefeater" might have been no whit less effective had a medieval costume surviving in the Papal Court or in Moscow inspired a local artist to a kindred attempt; if the model changed his costume, what would be left that is British? Sir Frederick Leighton had done as good work in Italy, in France, or in Germany; but in the country that loves the novels of Scott, that is perpetually returning to Gothic

architecture. that, whether in the "Idylls of the King," or in half the romances of its "penny dreadfuls,' appreciates the accessories of the Middle Ages, we find a perennial taste for Gothic art. As you turn over the pages of this book and note the "King Cophetua" (admirreproduced) myth o f Perseus, the Annunciation. or the Æneid; you realise inevitably-whether legend, Greek Biblical hagiology had inspired the



Almost every important picture is included in this book, except those of the Briar Rose series, which, by-the-way, Mr. Bell regards as the crowning achievement of his hero's career, provoking a disclaimer from many critics who refuse

somewhat obvious presentation of the theme, with a twilight sentiment, the Götterdammerung of the Gods, pervades them all. The reproductions deserve more than passing notice—the "Circe," "Golden Stairs," "Venus's Mirror," "The Baleful Head," in addition to those already quoted, the superb Salisbury windows, the famous Exeter College Tapestry, and a score of others are admirable. No one who takes interest in the progress of the arts can neglect this representative volume, which may be safely chosen as a typical example of a phase of art that is entirely English, and yet—with all deference be it said—entirely worthy the too-often profaned name of Art.

Those acquainted with the difficulty—one might almost say impossibility—of obtaining good plates or blocks from platinotypes will appreciate the illustrations most. For Mr. Hollyer's photographs, triumphs of dexterous manipulation in themselves, are the despair of the photo-engraver; yet the high standard of excellence of the pictures reproduced, the careful summary of its facts, and the admirable printing of the Chiswick Press combine to make the book worthy of its subject.

At Chicago, on Dec. 29, there was a terrible accident, in which four persons were killed and twenty-four were more or less seriously injured. A heavily loaded street-car came into collision at a level-crossing with a locomotive, running at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. The passengers in the street-car were those who suffered.

On Dec. 28, Long Island, New York, was the scene of a dynamite explosion, by which several persons lost their lives and others were injured, while great damage was done to property. It occurred in the yard of the New York and Long Island Tunnel Company, in Fourth Street, between Vernon and Jackson Avenues. A large quantity of dynamite was stored there for blasting purposes in connection with the tunnel works.

One of the earliest Victoria Cross heroes has passed away at the age of soventy-five—Sergeant-Major Peter Leitch, who served twenty-eight years in the Royal Engineers, seventeen of which were spent abroad. For his bravery at the attack on the Redan in 1855 he was awarded the Victoria Cross, and also was created by the French Emperor a knight (fifth class) of the Imperial Order of the Legion of Honour. He many times fought side by side with General Gordon, who had great esteem for him, and before departing for his memorable Chinese campaign presented Leitch with a set of miniatures of his medals. On his leaving the service, General Gordon, in the course of a private letter, told him that he "would testify to his integrity, zeal, and ability in the performance of his



"SIR GALAHAD."

To his credit be it reckoned that Mr. Bell has not gone so far as some whose position should have enjoined more discreet utterance: Mr. Ruskin, for example, who in "Fors Clavigera," July 2, 1877, said of Mr. Burne-Jones that "his work is simply the only art-work produced in England which will be received by the future as classic of its kind—the best that has been or could be." Therefore, despite some excess of appreciation, one has but to reflect upon the

rhapsodies of certain "yearnest" admirers to own that the counsel, if he has naturally made the most of his client's case, has at least presented a mass of facts orderly in their disposition and well-nigh exhaustive in quantity. We miss notice of only a few works, and those of trifling importance, executed, probably, as gifts to friends, and beyond the reach of the most careful recorder-such as the illumination to the "Rubáyat of Omar Khayyam," now in the New Gallery; while on the other hand, we have a complete catalogue, not merely of all finished works, but of many designs and drawings whose existence was scarce suspected by the best-informed students of

In his claim for recognition of Mr. Burne-Jones's talent, Mr. Bell, in common with most who either blame or praise, does not specially note the essentially English quality of his art. True, Mr. Whistler has told us, and a thousand disciples have echoed it, until we accept it as an axiom, that "there is no such thing as English art. You might as well talk of English mathematics. Art is art, and mathematics is mathematics." This, too, despite his successful attempt to distinguish as "Royal" a certain Society of British Artists. Has not Mr. Henley also pointed out that there is no parochial limitation in art, that Peebles and Paris know but one standard? Yet, if art be indeed always cosmopolitan, the camera is chief artist. Your Kodak knows no parish, but records Britain or Japan with equal absence of dialect. Yet, could Greek art have arisen amid British fogs, or the naïve allegories that delight the northern peoples been depicted in their redundant detail to the quicker - witted southern races: Both French and American critics recognise Mr. Burne-Jones as peculiarly an English

artist; nor do they use the adjective disparagingly. We who are so ready to apologise away British art might remember that Paris, the final court of appeal in such matters to-day, has spoken decidedly, and recognised both art and its local individuality in this painter's work. We have but to see how Puvis de Chavannes or Gustave Moreau treats somewhat



"KINGS' DAUGHTERS."

them that position. According to a well-worn story, Mr. Whistler advised Rossetti to "frame the sonnet" in place of his painting inspired by the same theme. Mr. Burne-Jones has framed his fables; whether in the early pen-and-ink drawings of "Sir Galahad" and "Kings Daughters," or in others of the century of pictures within the covers of this sumptuous volume, the same

duties, while he regarded him as a personal friend." Such words from such a man are sufficient indication of the sterling qualities possessed by this Crimean veteran. His career, on the whole, was an eventful one, and he affords one more striking example of the many upright and fearless men who, though occupying a comparatively humble rank, are the backbone of the English Army.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS. BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

There is always an attraction for even unscientific people There is always an attraction for even unscientific people in the topic of the senses and mental powers of the lower animals. Often I hear people expressing a curiosity to know, for example, "what a dog thinks about," or "if a horse or an elephant 'understands' what is said to it." Short of being a horse or an elephant, I suppose no exact answer can be given to these queries, only we can get within measurable distance of fair inferences about the mental powers of the animals best known to us and associated with us in our daily lives. I suppose for example, people with us in our daily lives. with us in our daily lives. I suppose, for example, nobody denies that the world a dog lives in must be very largely a world of odours, appealing to his well developed largely a world of odours, appealing to his well developed obfactory sense with a power and force of which we can form only a faint conception. The world we know is, of course, made up of sensations of light, sound, and other vibrations transmitted to us, and appreciated, sorted out, classified, and analysed by our sense-organs and intellectual centres. Our appreciation of the universe is, after all, a matter largely of the training and culture of our mental powers. A deaf and dumb upon cannot realise whet the matter largely of the training and culture of our mental powers. A deaf and dumb man cannot realise what the "Moonlight Sonata" means and implies to a person with ears to hear and a brain to appreciate the beauties of the composition; and to a colour-blind man the impressions of the outer world must appear of very different kind from those received by those possessing normal sight. Applying this reasoning to lower life, we arrive at the broad conclusion that there must exist very varying degrees of appreciation of the world by animals reasoning. degrees of appreciation of the world by animals, ranging, indeed, from the mere reflex action of the living machine, destitute of all intelligence, to a point not very far removed from our own sphere.

Practically, I should say the great difference between a man and any other animal amounts to this: that the man, in virtue of his higher brain, with its attendant consciousness, knows a vast deal more about his surroundings (and himself) than his lower neighbours. He can get behind mere phenomena and concrete things to their causes, and to abstract ideas about them. to abstract ideas about them, whereas the dog cannot so reason at all. This is the matter in a nutshell, apart from the philosophical mystification in which folks of a certain type of mind delight to indulge. The acts of animals are direct, purposive, and, as a rule, are guided by the urgent wants of their lives, and show now and then a tendency towards adaptation to new circumstances and exigencies of

These thoughts, I confess, have been suggested by These thoughts, I confess, have been suggested by the perusal of an account of the ways of sea-anemones recently given by Herr Nagel as the result of investigations carried out at the Zoological Station at Naples. Herr Nagel's experiments, if I mistake not, succeed those of Dr. G. J. Romanes, who investigated anemone ways some years ago in an analogous fashion. These animals are very "steady and stolidy" beings, fixed to the rock each by its base, and having a mouth and tentacles at the far extremity. The tentacles are the tentacles at the far extremity. The tentacles are the means wherewith the prey is seized and drawn towards the central mouth, and internally we find a stomach, which is somewhat like a bottomless pocket, in that it opens below into the inside of the body. This state of matters is common to the corals and all other animals belonging to the sea-amemone class. Doubtless the open stomach can be closed trans class. Doubtless the open stomach can be closed temporarily below during the digestion of food, and then may unclose to admit of the diffusion of the nutriment into the fluid wherewith the body-cavity is filled, and thus to bring the nourishment in contact with the tissues.

Herr Nagel, experimenting upon the senses of the seaanomones, found, as might naturally have been expected, that the tentacles are the seat of the greatest nerve activity. They are the guardians of the anemone domain, as it werehall-porters, to receive or to warn off visitors, as the case may be. Anemone-nerves are not in a high state of evolution. They exist, and that is about all that can be said of or for them. As regards senses, it is clear that the tentacles are the seat of whatever impressions anemone-life receives, if we except, perhaps, a row of colour spots placed around the mounth. row of colour-spots placed around the mouth, which represents a series of rudimentary eyes. What Herr Nagel has proved is that the tentacles are probably the seat of anemone touch, using this term "touch" in a wide sense. For touch, as Goethe put it, is "the mother of all the senses," seeing that it is not only the beginning of everything else in the way of knowledge, but every other sense represents in itself only a medification of touch. represents in itself only a modification of touch.

When a piece of sardine was carefully brought in contact with the tentacles it was first gently touched as if by way of a preliminary investigation, then it was seized and conveyed to the mouth as an acceptable tit-bit. A similar pellet of blotting-paper saturated with sea-water was not seized at all. There was discrimination here exhibited, only of the kind which we call "reflex," because it is of the unreasoning and unconscious kind, for I do not suppose even the most ardent zoophilist for a moment will argue that a orainless beast like the sea-anemone can be conscious of anything at all. When, however, the bit of blotting-paper was soaked in fish-juice, it was seized as was the bit of sardine, but was duly rejected after a time without being swallowed. Here a further and natural discrimination was exercised: the bit of contact with the tentacles it was first gently touched as further and natural discrimination was exercised: the bit of blotting-paper, being a delusion and a snare, was, of course, not entertained as a feasible digestive "idea," although, naturally, the fish-juice attracted the tentacle as a proper food. When the blotting-paper was saturated with quinine, the tentacles refused to have anything to do with such a bitter pill, and quinine and other substances applied to the outer surface of the body and to the space between the mouth and tentacles had no appreciable effect. Meat placed near the gaping mouth of an anemone was not noticed; it requires the exercise of the touch-sense—that is, of actual contact, to ensure the reception and seizure of food. The tentacles thus exercise a touch and a taste sense, and they are sensitive to heat as well; but taste and the heat-sense are only modifications of touch; so that we see in the anemone how the mother-sense gradually becomes evolved to include in its exercise other senses and duties than those pertaining to ordinary sensation alone. To watch and study the ways of sea-anemones should afford an easy and interesting study to my readers in their summer visits to the sea.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

E B (Liverpool).—The author's move provides for 1. Kt takes P, 2. B to Q 3rd, mate. If White play as you suggest, the defence is 1. P to R 5th, and no mate follows. Problem No. 2535 is perfectly correct, and admits of no other solution than the published one.

BREYNOLDS.—Glad to hear from you again. We have complied with your request in the other matter.

GW BLYTHE.—We hope to publish the game, but your problem belongs to a class we do not care about; it is deficient in point and strategy.

A BEGINNER (Surbiton).—The problem admits of two solutions.

PROBLEMS received from L Desanges, W David, BW La Mothe, and G Douglas Angas.

PROBLEMS received from L Desanges, W David, B W La Molne, and G Douglas Angas.

Correct Solutions of Problems Nos. 2532, 2534, and 2535 received from P V (Trinidad); of No. 2536 from B K Roy (Calcutta); of Nos. 2537 and 2538 from B W La Mothe (New York); of No. 2539 from An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.), B W La Mothe, John G Grant, and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2540 from Vi (Turkey); of No. 2541 from Simons (Manchester), J Marshall, Emile Frau, E B (Liverpool), G Grier (Hednesford), John G Grant, K Templar, A T Froggatt (Kilkenny), T Butcher (Cheltenham), Fortamps (Brussels), Fitz-Warain (Exeter), John M'Robert Crossgar), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), E G Boys, M Salem Trieste), Vi, J D Tucker (Leeds), and Joseph T Pullen (Launceston).

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2542 received from H S Brandreth, T T Blythe, Shadforth, T Roberts, W Wright, L Desanges, W David (Cardiff), W Guy, jun. (Johnston), C M A B, Bernard Reynolds, G T Hughes (Athy), A Beginner, K Templar, J D Tucker, G Joicey, T G (Ware), H B Hurford, A Newman, J A B, G Wotherspoon, Alpha, E E H, Julia Short (Exeter), Ignoramus, Bluet, W R Raillem, C E Perugini, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), W P Hind, R Worters (Canterbury), Martin F, Z Ingold (Frampton), A Warner, J F Moon, R H Brooks, Victorino Aoiz y del Frago, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), F J Knight, Joseph Willcock (Chester), E Bygott, Columbus, Dr F St, and E Louden.

ORRECT SOLUTIONS OF OUR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PROBLEMS received from R Worters (Canterbury), J F Moon, W P Hind, W R Raillem, T G (Ware), Bernard Reynolds, C E Perugini, J W Blagg (Cheadle), C Croft, R H Brooks, Shadforth, and H S Brandreth.

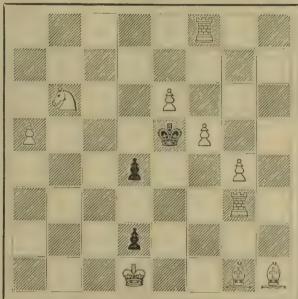
Solution of Problem No. 2541.—By P. H. Williams.

WHITE.

1. R to Q 2nd

2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2544. By P. G. L. F.



WHITE

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE Game played between Messrs. W. H. Gunston, of Cambridge, and Billup, of Chatteris. (Ruy Lopez.)

(Ruy
P to K 4th
Kt to Q B 3rd
P to Q R 3rd
Kt to B 3rd
Kt to B 3rd
Kt takes P
P to Q K 4th
Kt to K 2nd
B to K 2nd
Kt takes Kt
Q to Q 2nd WHITE (Mr. G.)
P to K 4th
Kt to K B 3rd
B to Kt 5th
B to R 4th
Castles 5. Castles
5. P to Q 4th
7. B to Kt 3rd
6. P takes P
9. R to K sq
9. Kt to Kt 5th
1. B takes Kt
2. Kt to B 3rd
B takes Kt at this
to K 6th, looks feation will be found
2. P to Q B 3rd P to R 3rd B takes B Q to B 4th Kt to K 2nd B takes Kt Kt to B 4th ded himself with con to this stage, but h unprepared for White' 16. Kt to R 5th 17. P to Q B 3rd

18. Kt to B 6th (ch)
19. Q to Q 4th
20. R to K 2nd
21. Q R to K sq
22. Q to K B 4th

white (Mr. G.)
23. P to K R 4th
24. Kt to K 4th
25. Kt to Kt 5th
26. Q takes B
27. R to K 4th
28. Q to K 3rd (ch)
29. R to K 8 4th BLACK Mr. B.
K to Kt 3rd
B to R 3rd
B takes Kt
B to B sq
Q to K sq
P to B 4th
B to B 4th A stronger post for the Bishop s be K 3rd. An excellent move, which ultimately gains the open Rook's file for White. R to B 3rd
P takes P
R to Q sq
R to K 3rd
P to B 3rd
R to Q B sq
Q to Q 3rd
R to Q sq 32.
33. R P takes P
34. B to B 3rd
35. B takes R P
36. B to B 3rd
37. R to R sq
38. K P takes P
39. Q to Q 2nd

CHESS IN NEW YORK Game played between Herr E. LASKER and an Amateur.
(Remove White's Q Kt.)

HITE (Mr. L.)
P to K B 4th
P to Q Kt 3rd
B to Kt 2rd
Kt to B 3rd
P to K B 4td
Castles
P to Q 8rd
Castles
P to Q 8rd
P to Q 8rd
R to K 2rd
L Castles
P to Q 8rd
R to K 2rd
L R to B sq
R to K 5th
R Takes Kt
L B to K 5th
L B to K 5th LACK (Amateur P to K B 4th P to K 3rd Kt to K B 3rd B to K 2nd P to Q Kt 3rd P to B 4th B to B 3wl B to B 4th
B to R 3rd
Kt to B 3rd
B to Kt 2nd
Q to B 2nd
P to K R 3rd
Kt takes Kt
Kt to Q 4th
K to Q sq

B to Q B 3rd Kt takes P 15. 16. P to B 4th

B to Kt 4th B takes R Q to Kt 2nd B to K 5th 17. Q takes Kt 18. Q to Kt 3rd 19. B takes B 20. P to Q 4th If, instead, P takes P. White gets a fine position for his other B by R 3rd to K 6th. 21. P to Q 5th 22. P to Q 6th (ch) K to B 2nd

Black has rather co cawn should have be out then the pretty would not have eccuri

22. K to B 3rd 23. Q to R 4th Q to B sq White mates in two moves.

We are informed by the Rev. A. B. Skipworth that the amateur winter tournament to which we referred in our last issue is postponed to Easter. By that date a good entry of strong amateurs is promised, Mr. Porterfield Rynd, the Irish champion, among the number. It is hoped that some of the best players in Scotland will also be there.

A chess column has been started in the West Sussex Times and Standard. The department is under the charge of Mr. Bernard Reynolds. The editor announces a problem-solving competition, to commence with the problems that appear in the issue of Jan. 9, 1893, and to terminate with the positions given on March 25.

LADIES' COLUMN. THE BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

The ancient fable of the town mouse and the country mouse is more applicable now even than when it was written. awful fogs that make London almost uninhabitable in the winter become more severe as each year adds miles of streets to the ever-growing Metropolis. On the other hand, the temptation of its energetic, vivid social life is well-nigh irresistible to the active-minded. There is no stagnation in town. All the year round there is occupation for the intelligence, there are attractions for the eye and ear, novelties of all sorts to interest, and a choice of congenial society. The country offers a freshness in the air, a beauty in the surroundings, and a repose that are certainly not to be despised. But the quiet and lack of society pall. There was a judge once, Sir George Mackenzie, who lived in the thick and press of life, and wrote an eloquent and elegant treatise on the advantages of solitude and a country life; after five-and-twenty more years spent in the most active town pursuits, the panegyrist of quiet retired to a country abode near Oxford in order to study in the Bodleian Library and enjoy perfect peace. Alas! in three years he had had enough of the country and went to London, and settled there for the rest of his days. Milton, Gray, and Swift have all left passionately mournful pictures of a retired life away from congenial companions and the manifold stir and stimulus of a great city; and Gibbon wrote that a friend's visit to his country retreat only reminded him that "man, however occupied and amused in his closet, is not made to live alone." What, then, are we to wish for ourselves, we town and country mice? Well, I think our best resolution is not to wish at all, but to accept with patience whatever our condition makes most convenient.

The Burne-Jones Exhibition at the New Gallery offers an excuse worthy of such an occasional excursion, from however far. It is something to the good for Londoners to have such a grand, such a marvellous display at their doors to feast on as often as they please: it almost lightens the fog. The private views of that and the winter exhibition of the Royal Academy gave evidence of how many people do remain in town at this season. At the New Gallery I dared not glance towards the pictures till all the records had good or season or else I should have had not thought for people had gone, or else I should have had no thought for the social aspect of the moment. I go metaphorically on my knees, I absorb my mind and soul in these magnificent works, these monuments of a great brain working in the conception and of an untiring, patient, conscientious skill in the details of the only art in which form and colour translate thought and feeling. To do the fashionable crowd but justice, there was an absorption and interest in

those pictures that is rarely seen at private views.

Winter shows in dirty London are of necessity dull as regards costume. Most well-dressed women were wrapped in furs. The chief noticeable feature was, perhaps, the progress of the Empire hat and bonnet. These are large and very broad of brim, the bonnets particular large and very broad of brim, the bonnets particular large area from the tries for above, the head ticularly having open fronts that rise far above the head. One of the prettiest and most becoming was Lady Blom-One of the pretriest and most becoming was Lady Blomfield's, of black velvet, with pink, fluffy ostrich plumes in the front, just far enough forward to cast a becoming shade on the pretty dark wearer's face; with this was worn an ample three-quarter cape of black faille with a dull surface, and trimmings of skunk. Mrs. Charles Hancock had another becoming bonnet of pink and black; there was a crown folded round with old pink velvet, and a broad brim of black velvet, with a small plume of black feathers for trimming; the dress was black silk, with yoke of a beautiful light brocade, containing a dash of pink on a pearly ground, and this brocade also lined tall up-standing "cock's-comb" epaulettes. Mrs. Edmeston had an Empire bonnet with a folded crown of rich bright yellow, and a brim of a harmonising grey blue; her gown was reséda cloth, with embroideries to match in colour forming a yoke trimming. Lady Greville looked nice in a green cloth costume and bonnet of the same, and a fawn-cloth cape trimmed with beaver. Lady Geraldine Somerset, as usual, exemplified the practical advantages of a "muddy-weather costume" in black. Theatrical celebrities of the dressed, as distinguished from the merely clothed, gender were not numerous—perhaps wring to the prayelenge of matinges. Miss Mary August field's, of black velvet, with pink, fluffy ostrich plumes in Theatrical celebrities of the dressed, as distinguished from the merely clothed, gender were not numerous—perhaps owing to the prevalence of matinées. Miss Mary Ansell had the energy to come on after playing in "The House-Boat" in the afternoon and before playing again in the evening, and looked extremely pretty in a pale-brown costume, with a great deal of gold embroidery on the yoke of the case. A nice govern was a skirt of nink epinelic shot of the cape. A nice gown was a skirt of pink epingle shot with green, and made with a Russian coat of green velvet, with gold-embroidered belt and bands from the shoulders to the waist, the skirt being edged with green velvet, with the same gold trimming on it.

Those of us who have never been in India are apt to suppose that it is a place of heat, fever, and unpleasantness pure and simple, where nobody would go for any other reason than the hope of making money. But there are parts of India and seasons of the year when it is quite cool, even and the habite of life and party of customs have cold, and the habits of life and native customs have always that charm of novelty and variety which is the chief inducement to many in undertaking the risks and fatigues of foreign travel. It is well known that the Duchess of Connaught enjoyed her life in India so much that she has desired to return ever since she came home. India is a poor country, so far as its masses are concerned. and as it is our own it is desirable that the benefit of travellers' gold shall be shed on it by some of our rich tourists. Hence, it is a good thing that India is becoming yearly more popular as a winter resort. Many people take a round trip there for the winter months, and like the climate and the novelty of life. For such as contemplate the excursion the Hon. Mrs. Neville Lyttelton has recovered a time manual of advise and inclined. Lyttelton has prepared a tiny manual of advice and instruction, which she has published through Mr. Stanford. It is not a work to review, but simply one to recommend to all whom it may concern. It is a model of concise and clear information, almost scientific in its avoidance of needless verbiage and its systematic presentation of all that it is worth while to remember. It is addressed to women specially, and gives advice as to boxes, wearing apparel. procedure on journeys, and all other details, with special

regard to feminine requirements. The clumsy title of this model of conciseness is "How to Pack, How to Dress, and How to Keep Well on a Winter Tour in India."

Maurice de Guérin's

charming story of "The Centaur" are

reproduced in a very

different way from

that of Bracquemond's etched por-

trait of Méryon, from

a drawing made by

Flameng, who found the gifted but

wretched etcher in a

miserable lodging, and

almost bereft of his

senses. Méryon's story

is one of the most



THE CENTAUR.

Drawn by Arthur Lemon.

"THE MAGAZINE OF ART."

The Magazine of Art (Cassell and Co.), in its annual form, constitutes a fair record of the year's art, and bears witness to the ever rising level of the science of reproduction. The resources of black and white no longer satisfy the spirited proprietors of this publication, although their etchings, engravings, and process sketches are not only of a high degree of excellence, but are regarded as faithful interpreters of the original works. The chief merit of the Magazine of Art, however, is the variety of the methods which it assimilates, by which each picture can be treated in the manner most suitable to bring out its special characteristics. For example, Mr. Arthur Lemon's poetic illustrations to

touching of modern artists', and as another instance of the uselessness of posthumous fame deserves a fuller notice than is here accorded to the brighter side of his career.

Among some of the more important subjects discussed or elucidated during the past year in the Magazine of Art special interest attaches to Mr. Linley Sambourne's "Political Cartoons," Mr. Spielmann's "Glimpses of Artist Life," and Mr. W. F. Dicke's

attempt to solve the identity of Holbein's "Ambassadors" on other than official lines; while the principal picture

exhibitions of the year are abundantly annotated and illustrated.

A special supplement, moreover, is issued uniform with the Magazine of Art—"The European Pictures of the Year"— which fully deserves the title. In a definitely arranged gallery

we have in review the most typical pictures of the year, as exhibited at the various art exhibitions of Western Europe. France, although occupying the most prominent places, does not exclude the representatives of other art schools-as those of Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Spain, and even the States of the Scandinavian kingdom are liberally represented. The chief interest of this supplement is the witness it bears to the oft-repeated assertion that the majority of Continental artists paint "with a French accent." Some of the best of the Dutchmen, working under a silvery sky, are free from the mannerisms which Corot, Daubigny, and Courbet have rendered popular. This spread of the furia francese is not, however, to be deplored, for to it we may attribute the reawakening of art in Spain, the return to a study of nature in Italy, and the breaking down of the traditions which fenced round the teaching of the Viennese



Drawn by Professor Herkomer, R.A.

school. Such pictures as those of Enrique Serra and Manuele Urgel among the Spaniards, of Carlandi and Enrico Coleman among the Italians, of Wenglein and Fügel among the Austrians, are instances in point, and if Russia still bears the impress of German rather than of French teaching there are already symptoms among the leading Slav painters of impatience and revolt. This is not the place to discuss the various merits and qualities of the artists of the world; but we may fairly congratulate the editor of this volume upon his successful attempt to bring before the English public a fair idea of what is being done in the atcliers of other countries and what are the aims of their artists.



UN DÉJEÛNER À LA FOURCHETTE.

Drawn by H. Helmick. Engraved by F. Babbage.



CHARLES MERYON.
From the Drawing by Flameng.



WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 1, 1862) of the Right Hon. Georgiana, Viscountess Sherbrooke, late of 34, Lowndes Square, and of Sherbrooke, Warlingham, Surrey, who died so long ago as Nov. 3, 1884, was only proved on Dec. 21 last by the Roy. Henry Nevile Sherbrooke, George Edward Sneyd, and Sir William James Farrer, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £12,000. The deceased was the first wife of the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke, and, as under settlement he was entitled to the life interest in her property, it was not necessary to prove her will until his death, which only occurred recently. The tostatrix bequeaths 425 to Robert Jamieson; and bequeaths and appoints the residue of the property over which she has a power of disposal to her husband, and such property now passes under his will.

The will (dated June 16, 1891), with two codicils (dated Nov. 12, 1891, and Nov. 1, 1892), of Mr. Richard Septimus Wilkinson, D.L., J.P., late of 9, St. Mildred's Court, Poultry, of 42, Norfolk Square, Hyde Park, and of Corby Birkholme, near Grantham, who died on Nov. 17. was proved on Dec. 24 by Henry Howe, John Lewis Langworthy, Joseph Wilkinson, the nephew, and Henry Armstrong, M.D., the executors, the value of the personal cestate exceeding £61,000. The testator bequeaths £500, all his furniture and effects and certain farming stock at Corby Birkholme, his presentation plate, and such of his furniture and effects at any other residence he may have, as she may require, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Wilkinson; a complimentary legacy of £200 to his daughter, Jessic Kebbel, he having provided for her by her marriage settlement and added to it since; fifteen shares in the Union Bank of Australia each to his nephew John Cooper Wilkinson and his niece, Mary Elizabeth Battiscombe; £300 each to his executors; £300 to Miss Caroline Maria Dentry; £200 each to his nephews Joseph Wilkinson and Henry Wilkinson, whom he states he has helped to advance in business; and five shares in the Alliance Fire Office (being the first shares purchased out of his savings as a clerk) to Robert Baxter, his former clerk but now partner. All his freehold estates in Lincolnshire he devises, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life or widowhood, then to her daughter, Caroline Lavinia Langworthy, for life, and at her death he entails the same on her sons successively, according to seniority. All his English railway stock he leaves, upon trust, to pay the dividends to his wife, for life. The residue of his real and personal estates he leaves, upon trusts, for accumulation for ten years from the time of his death, and then to go with his entailed estates.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariot of Forfar, of the trust disposition and settlement executed June 23, 1885, with a codicil, executed Feb. 22, 1889, and subscribed by his wife in token of her approval, of Mr. Robert Arklay, of Ethiebeaton, Forfarshire, who died on Oct. 19, granted to Robert Arklay Fergusson, the nephew, James Fairweather Low, Samuel Miller Low, and Robert Ferguson Hunter, the accepting executors nominate, was resealed in London on Dec. 20, the value of the personal

estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £49,000.

The Scotch confirmation of Mr. Robert Cowan, Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, who died at 9, Carlfon Terrace, Edinburgh, on May 4, granted to Miss Lillias Horsburgh Cowan, the sister, as executrix dative qua next-of-kin, was resealed in London on Dec. 20, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £40,000.

The will (dated Aug. 31, 1887), with two codicils (dated Sept. 4, 1888, and Jan. 7, 1890), of Mr. Thomas Price, late of the Albany, Piccadilly, who died on Oct. 5 at Bournemouth, was proved on Dec. 10 by the Hon. William Augustus Curzon Barrington and the Hon. Bernard Eric Barrington, C.B., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £36,000. The testator bequeaths the whole of his plate, including the silver dishes with the royal arms given to his uncle, Major Price, by Queen Charlotte to Caroline, Countess of Normanton; and there are some other specific bequests. He also bequeaths £500 to each of his executors, and £1400 Five per Cent. Preference Stock of the Waterford, Dungarvan, and Lismore Railway between them. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay one moiety of the income to each of his sisters Charlotte Price and Rosa Elizabeth Price, for their respective lives, and, subject thereto, for the said Caroline, Countess of Normanton.

The will (dated Sept. 13, 1892) of Mr. Charles Cook, late of 44, Allendale Road, Denmark Hill, who died on Nov. 25, was proved on Dec. 22 by Miss Mary Charlotte Cook, the niece, and Joseph Marsland, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. The testator gives all his leasehold property to his nephew John Hooper Cook; £1000 to his niece Wilhelmina Jane Larke; £1000 to his nephew Joseph Marsland, and a further £50 for his trouble as executor. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his niece, the said Mary Charlotte Cook. The deceased was the brother of Eliza Cook, the poetess.

The will (dated June 5, 1888), with two codicils (dated Sept. 10 and Oct. 28, 1892), of Mrs. Jane Sarah Bowring, late of Beauford House, Cazenove Road, Stoke Newington, who died on Nov. 4, was proved on Dec. 9 by William Rose Allard and George Thomas Huntley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £19,000. The testatrix makes bequests to her sister, nicee, nephews, executors, and others; and the residue of her estate and effects she leaves, upon trust, for Mrs. Emily Frances Thompson, for life, and then for all her children in equal shares.

The will (dated March 11, 1887) of the Rev. Gregory Birch Boraston, late of Tranmere, Branksome Park, Bournemouth, who died on Nov. 30, was proved on Dec. 21 by Arthur Ranken Ford, Francis Weller Newmarch, and Henry Charles Newmarch, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £19,000. The

testator bequeaths all the New Two-and-a-Half per Cent. Annuities standing in his name to his goddaughter, Louisa Isabella Parkes; and he appoints, under his marriage settler-cent, on the death of his wife, if he shall leave no child who shall live to attain a vested interest therein, £1000 to the children of his late cousin, the Rev. Richard Wanstall, and the remainder of the trust funds equally between his cousins, the Rev. Richard Cotterill Wanstall and the Rev. Edward Forster Wanstall. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his wife, Mrs. Caroline Elizabeth Boraston.

The will (dated Sept. 18, 1891) of Mr. Felix Joseph, late of Hawthorne Villa, Buxton, who died on Aug. 19 at Southsea, was proved on Dec. 22 by Edward Joseph, the brother, and John Pesman Capua, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £13,000. The testator bequeaths any three objects to be selected by him from his collection of antique and other trinkets to his said brother, and the remainder of the said collection to his nephew and godson Felix Abraham Joseph; and his collection of Wedgwood, Turner, and Adams ware, now on loan to the Nottingham Castle Museum, to the Mayer and Corporation of Nottingham, to be the property of the town, and to be used for ever as part of the collection at the Nottingham Castle Museum. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to the children of his brother. Edward Joseph, in equal shares.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

Welcome and indispensable, accurate and admirable as ever, is Kelly's Post-Office London Directory for 1893, published by the well-known firm who are soon to remove to a new home in High Holborn. Many remarkable evidences of the care with which this volume is brought up to date are to be found in its hundreds of well-printed pages.

Ripe with the experience of long years of usefulness, Whitaker's Almanack is excellently modifying its contents to the requirements of its numerous readers. Its summaries are well condensed, and every now and then we find the Attic salt of humour. The best tribute to "Whitaker" is to say that it fully answers all the varied questions on which we consult it.—Occupying another part of the cyclopædic field with equal enterprise is Hazell's Annual for 1893 (Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Limited). In its ruddy youth the book grows each year, until now it numbers 740 pages of clearly arranged matter, to which ready reference is made possible by varieties of type. Many of the new articles are far superior to the ably compiled summaries which appear in the Press at the close of the year. The section relating to the politics of the day is evidently written by an "Old Parliamentary Hand." The lists of members of the Legislature and the record of the Session are most admirable. In no ungracious spirit towards a book which is marvellously free from errata, we may point out that the Treasurer of the Royal Society is a knight, and that Sir Edward Fry is no longer a Lord Justice of Appeal. The "Obituary" article is a trifle disproportionate, as when the late Dr. Allon is allotted



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no Roses, with whole things White Bril £15 10s. Same B

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twenty-six lines and the late Bishop of Winchester only four lines. For the next edition, the editor might note the names of the Earl of Derby, Lord Houghton, and certain Royal Academicians as candidates for the Biographical Gallery of a volume which has no equal in this department. "Hazell's Annual" is essentially the book for the have. Then, who can fail to welcome the new issue of Debrett's Pecrage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage (Dean and Son, Limited)? All editors of "annuals" must have been well-nigh overwhelmed in 1892 with the changes which have taken place in official life, in the succession to the throne and in the losses of several of our men of light and leading. But we can find no fault with "Debrett," which is as accurate and easy of consultation as in previous years. After the last issue went out of print its price was doubled, so "he warned went out of print its price was doubled, so "be warned in time."—We have on our table *Dod* (Whittaker and Co.), with its excellent method and careful compilation to recommend it. It has lasted as long as her Majesty's reign, and is entitled to the highest praise for the sensible limitation to living persons as subjects for biographical notice. Notwithstanding "the unceasing influence of births, marriages, and deaths," "Dod" is up to date.—Another handy book is the "Dod" is up to date.—Another handy book is the Windsor Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage (Chatto and Windus), which under the editorship of Mr. Edward Walford could not feil to be ably revised and

amended year by year. We have tested this volume in many ways, and can testify to its accuracy.——Although not an "annual," except as regards its usefulness throughout the year, the Pearl Cyclopædia (John Walker and Co.) may here be conveniently noticed. Its editor is that experienced compiler of such works—Mr. E. D. Price, F.G.S.—and hearty congratulations are due to him on the completion of what must have been an arduous task. completion of what must have been an arduous task. Compact and concise is this tiny volume of over six hundred pages dealing with universal information with brevity and businesslike arrangement.—The thirtieth annual issue of John Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack (John Wisden and Co.) is admirable for all lovers of the national sport. The special photographs of W. W. Read, S. W. Scott, A. E. Stoddart, H. T. Hewett, and L. C. H. Palairet are beautifully reproduced. Any and every young cricketer should read George Lohmann's "Few Words on Fielding." The statistics are very well compiled. The price of this capital book is only a shilling.

The electric traction overhead wire line of the South Staffordshire Tramway Company, with passenger cars, between the towns of Walsall, Wednesbury, Darlaston, and Bloxwich, was opened on Saturday, Dec. 31, in presence of a number of visitors, including the Bishop of Lichfield and the mayors of neighbouring towns.

OBITUARY.

Sir Lydston Newman, Bart., who was High Sheriff of Devon in 1871, died on Dec. 29, aged seventy-nine.

M. Leon Contanseau, of French dictionary fame, died

on Dec. 23, aged eighty.

Admiral T. B. Lethbridge, who retired from the service in 1890, died on Dec. 30. He was sixty-four.

A famous connoisseur of pigeons, Mr. P. H. Jones, died on Dec. 29, aged seventy-three. The senior assistant in the Mineralogy Department of the British Museum, Mr. Thomas Davics, has recently died.

The hospital world has sustained another loss by the death of Miss Staines, who had been lady superintendent of the Liverpool Royal Infirmary for the last eleven years.

The oldest clergyman in England—the Rev. John Mills, Rector of Orton Waterville, Hunts—has recently passed

away at a venerable age.

Lady Alexander Gordon Lennox, who married in 1863 Lord Alexander Gordon Lennox, son of the fifth Duke of Richmond, died on Dec. 31.

Major-General William R. Martin died suddenly on Dec. 31, aged fifty-two. He entered the Army in 1857, and had served in India and China.

Mrs. Wardroper, who has recently died at the age of seventy-nine, had been for many years the superintendent

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The subject for the drawings is to be an appropriate artistic pictorial advertisement suitable for advertising Géraudel's Pastilles in English journals and periodicals. The drawings must be in black and white and suitable for reproduction.

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of the Training School for Nurses established by the Nightingale Fund. In 1854 Mrs. Wardroper was appointed matron at St. Thomas's Hospital, and served that hospital faithfully and efficiently till 1886.

Staff-Commander C. C. Scott, R.N. (retired), who had been captain-superintendent of the training-ship Mars at Dundee for some years, died on Dec. 29, aged sixty-five.

Mr. Charles Morton, W.S., who had three times held the office of Crown Agent for Scotland, died on Dec. 24, aged eighty-five.

The death of Vice-Admiral R. A. Powell, C.B., removes another naval veteran. He did valiant service against the Riff pirates. He died at Shanklin on Dec. 24.

The Rev. George L. Gibbs, Rector of St. James's, Garlickhithe, with St. Michael, Queenhithe, and Holy

Trinity the Less, in the City of London, died, at the age of forty-seven, on Dec. 27.

Mr. R. J. Mahony, an Irish landlord who had for many years been engaged in improving his estate at Dromore, died on Dec. 22, at the age of sixty-five.

The Congregationalists have lost one of their leaders in the Rev. Dr. Falding, Principal of the Yorkshire United Independent College, Bradford. Dr. Falding was an exchairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. It was at the residence of Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, his brother in law that the residence of Mr. his brother-in-law, that the reverend gentleman died, on Dec. 29, aged seventy-four.

We have to record the death of Major-General W. L. Briggs, C.B., late of the Bombay Staff Corps, one of the few left who entered the service of the Honourable East India Company, and who afterwards gained honours in her

Majesty's Army. Major-General Briggs was the youngest son of the late Admiral Sir Thomas Briggs, G.C.M.G., and was born in 1827. He entered the Bombay Army in 1843, became captain in 1858, major in 1863, lieut.-colonel in 1869, colonel in 1874, and major-general in 1875.

The Archdeacon of Middlesex, Dr. James Augustus Hessey, died on Dec. 24. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, of which, in 1845, he was appointed head master—a position he held for twenty-five years. He graduated at St. John's College, Oxford, and was admitted a Fellow. He was preacher of Gray's Inn from 1850 to 1879, Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, 1860 to 1875; he became Archdeacon of Middlesex in 1875. He was select preacher at Oxford in 1850, and at Cambridge in 1878. Dr. Hessey was an earnest worker, widely known and much loved. He was seventy-eight years old.

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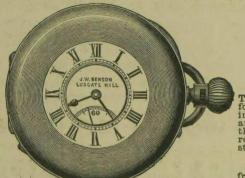
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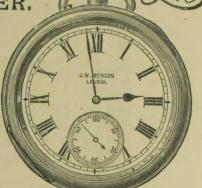






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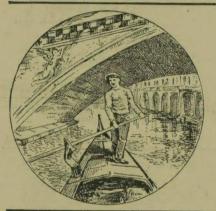


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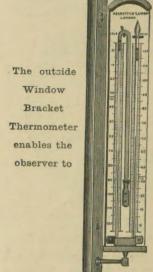


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